THE FORUM

FOR APRIL 1915

BY GRACE OF BATTLE

FRANK ERNEST HILL

I

THE oak, the sweep of hill, the early stars
Set in the golden pallor of the sky,
The dimming globes of cloud above the stars,
The smell of earth,
The bird-calls, and the wonder things should lie
So silently—O what a nameless birth!—
Too near to God, too wonderful to die——
Beautiful, beautiful! . . .

II

The oak, the sweep of hill, the stars, the clouds,
The smell of earth, and on the earth the shift
Of blood-daubed limbs, and staring at the clouds
Faces,—stark, grey;
And shattered trunks that have no eyes to lift,
And crying birds and feebly cringing prey,—
Both cursing Death because it is not swift!
Horrible, horrible! . . .

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HIS SURRENDER

A War Echo

MARY LOUISE DAY

WITHIN her shaky, time-eaten cottage on the edge of an old Normandy orchard a close-mouthed, crinkle-faced peasant woman sat day by day knitting for her war-men.

It was late November and the sky was gloomy, the air chill. Many days had she sat alone, each day and every day since the war-call sounded in her ears, ravelling out her patient work as she finished her meagre stint of wool, only to begin again. And many times this had happened in the death-like eternalities of her solitude throughout the long years. Then she had watched, grimly silent, her four war-men walk forth with heavy-footed resolve to find the war-path, far away out of her sight, vanishing suddenly from that small world-circle of lethargic peace into a shrieking, diabolic pandemonium to fight for *La Patrie.*

What it was to mean no one could dream, and she the least of the five. Far from the scene of the death-struggles, of the maddening carnage, she lived: even beyond the echoes of the death-cries, just over the border line, where the restless ghosts of the still war-driven dead had not yet wandered.

Without neighbors, her one comfort, and this an unconscious one, was the ungracious presence, like a sinister spirit, of a cross-eyed, tortoise cat. What matter if it arched its back and plumed its straggly tail and hissed and spat at her when she was driven by an unknown force to stretch forth one of her old gnarled and grimy hands towards it in her dumb overpowering need for human expression! Unlovely, unloving like herself, that weird old cat, which arched its back and plumed its tail, was a nemesis to her who all her life had stinted and starved herself and her family of all the gentle signs of affection. Objects of her jealous pride, her old husband, her three sons had forced her respect in a dumb masculine way, for were they not men—and destined to become war-men! Three soldiers were her

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sons, and the old one was their father—all males, objects thus of consideration.

True, it came about that when her eldest, her first-born, big and heavy, ruddy cheeked and bright of eye, her Gaspard, the one who needed her the least, the first to lead them all war-ward, had thrown a careless rough arm, a hurried second, across her neck in parting, her heart had quivered and seemed to turn over, dumbly remonstrant. For once this close, hard-bitten old peasant woman knew the pangs of something higher than her mechanical maternity. That obtuse heart had suffered as it melted to the common miseries of a world of natural mothers; but she made no sign as the four grunted their clumsy farewells and filed out through the open door.

The only softening grace and beauty in their life had been expressed by the old pagan orchard in its days of flowering promise, and in the sky above, that none saw, save for its weather portent, except the youngest son. Those old pink and white blossoming trees were ceasing now for lack of care to paint the ever new and tender hopes of spring with less and less lavish hand,—those quaint, old, gnome-like apple trees, already shorn and shriven this late November for their hastening decay, still dropped their fruit offerings, their all, at the old dame's feet.

So when the approaching of blind man's holiday forced her to stop her knitting and go to them for part of her meagre supper, she went, sure of reward, followed by the thin old cat. The few stunted fruit lay on the ground for her supper, the cooking of which would be an event. There were also some fagots for her old hopeless-looking back to stoop to, and therefore, later, there would be a bit of fire.

But throughout the long and many nights as she lay wide-eyed in the slowly passing hours, empty of mind-pictures, fortunate or otherwise in her lack, barren of love's spontaneity, what comforting memory or future hopes could be hers? No thoughts, no pictures or even conscious heart-agony served for company; but weighed down, encompassed about, and inert under her life-long load of stint, of emptiness, she had stirred feebly to but one subconscious interest—the laughing, merry soldier boy, the gallant,—Gaspard. But she was only a dull maternal creature with

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a sombre pride that hers were male children and war-men. A ray of sunlight was Gaspard within the dark cottage; within her inert brain glowed that bright spot. As soon expect the faithful sun to be swept forever from the sky above as to conceive of Gaspard's failure to return, laughing and triumphant. She was spared the imagination. She knew not their sufferings nor grasped their possible endings. She realized keenly not even her own deplorable plight. Both past and future were centred in some way in the heavy pressure of the present moment.

II

That dank and gloomy late November evening, twisting with painful, uneven gait, pale with unhealth and anæmia, a wolfish-looking soldier made his slow way to the old peasant's cottage door. It stood ajar, like a little welcome. A look of exultation, of hope deferred and finally realized, trembled across his face as he struck feebly with one crutch, rattling the latch. The door suddenly opened wider and the woman stood before him, her face a blank. Did she not know him? "Mother!" His voice shook with a triumphant weakness. He had achieved the impossible—had reached a haven—a home! But in the name of heaven how had he been able to do it? He had died so many deaths on his way. Vainly he tried to recall them now in one hurried moment that he might crowd his cup of joy to overflowing. A man broken, but—a soldier who had fought for his country and now returned to his mother's arms. And still she stood before him deferring the consummation of his triumph, and her eyes were stony blind.

"Mother, you know me? I am Henri, your son!" His voice shook now with dim foreboding and timid self-pity. He was very weak. If she heard the note of pathos she despised it.

"My son? Where is he? Where is Gaspard?" Her voice was cold, level, full of a deliberate cruelty. Theirs was the brief patois of the Normandy peasant.

Again she asked: "Where is he? My soldier boy?"

She was speaking now to the runt of the litter. Always her

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thoughts had slighted him. Bah! A puny stripling—weak, girl-like. *He* was no male man. And now the creature stood before her with a vacant, foolish smile on his face. She could have struck at it in her anger. Swaying dizzily there he stood,—alone. How well she knew his answer!

"Gaspard is dead. Paul is dead. Our father is dead."

"And not you!"

She hurled the words at him. They struck, too, rattling like stones through the air. You could not say he winced—rather, that he broke. There was a shudder, a sudden beaten look came into his eyes, and then a kind of surrender, an inward collapse of his body; yet he did not fall. So—the spirit that had conquered the strife, the suspense, the hardships, the still open wounds, the agonies of motion, the starvation pangs, had been, at the last, vitally stricken by three short words.

Turning from the sight of him his mother reëntered their shell of a home, leaving, however, the door behind her open for her victim. And he staggered in slowly after her. What else could he do now?

Being the last—that was no fault of his—he had somehow thought—he must have dreamed—that he would now mean something to this stony image he had called "Mother" in his delirious hours. This woman, who most certainly had once upon a time held him to her then helplessly generous breasts. Yes, there had then been milk a-plenty for the three, but for him never a drop of the sweet milk of love.

As he sank down in a hunched-up heap upon the wooden settle he disturbed the old cross-eyed cat, which did not fail to arch its back and plume its straggly tail and hiss at him—unnoticed.

The peasant woman slapped resentfully down on the bare table the remains of her larder—for a soldier must be fed: the stale rye loaf, a small dish of potatoes, a dish of sour apple sauce. But the soldier did not stir. In a reverie he sat now, with clinging fingers about a cheap little rosary hanging from his neck. The resentful woman saw it. "From a girl!" she jeered silently, but still, a new flicker of interest possessed her. To some woman he was then a man?

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"Eat," she ordered hoarsely, pointing a harsh finger at the table; but he shook his head. Then she pointed to another door and painfully he passed through it to a bed.

III

Early the next morning ere the old cock had begun to shrill, the woman, still a maternal stone, got up from a restless sleep, big with the realization, not that she had a son, but that a human being alive like herself was near her. Her zeal to hurry was so great that she trembled as she lit the fire. She even forgot her evil-minded cat, forgot her dead, in the excitement of the need about to be filled—that need of some one to share with her the task and burden of her daily life: of some one to whom she could give herself, unconsciously, however grudgingly, somehow, in some way.

At last a tiny breakfast, but hot, she served on the table. A chair at each plate she felt constrained to place. Then almost breathless, she plodded, her wooden sabots clattering through the silence, to call this new acquaintance, her guest, to break bread. She found him—still dressed, kneeling at the side of the old bed—the bed that once had held the three, but which to her was only Gaspard's bed—one hand clutching the rosary, the other flung out in dumb appeal across the bed-quilt—and his head hanging heavily down—too heavily, perhaps. And then in her new strange eagerness, impatiently she clattered nearer, since he did not rise to hurry. She even shook him by that thin shoulder, not unkindly, but as man to man.

"Come, come!" she called, not so angrily at the last. But that stupid looking head only fell over again, rolling about idly, and the sunken mouth dropped open! Furious again, she fumbled to feel for his heart beneath the tatters of a shirt. Then realizing that she was once more alone and, also, defeated of her victim:

"Bah," she exclaimed, "Pig!" and then,—"He is dead!"

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THE WAR OF THE EUROPEAN CULTURES

J. Salwyn Schapiro

THE present war has upset the calculations of all those who believed that the world was at last becoming rational. Every influence toward a permanent general peace seemed to be present: a world-wide arbitration movement conducting an energetic agitation against war; a great international labor movement, firmly determined to maintain peace even at the cost of revolution; a steadying influence upon the lower classes produced by social legislation; and, above all, the vision of havoc that would be caused by the modern instruments of destruction. Yet, war has come to justify the wildest imaginings of the romancers and the cataclysmic warnings of the half-prophets. Even now the average man can barely realize that Europe is engaged in a life-and-death struggle, the outcome of which few would dare to prognosticate. Those who live in a great crisis seldom realize its meaning for the future.

Territorial, commercial, or dynastic ambitions may be the causes of the wars between individual nations, but general wars are always fought for ideas. Religious independence was the principle involved in the first great European conflict which came as a result of the Protestant Revolution, and political freedom in the second one, that arose from the French Revolution. Culture, it is claimed, is the issue of the present conflict; each side denounces the other as barbarian, and asserts itself to be the lone defender of European civilization. Philosophers, poets, and novelists have rushed in where militarists have so deeply trodden; there to do battle for their particular "cultures." The heavy philosophic siege guns of Germany—Harnack, Haeckel, and Eucken—are keeping up a lively duel with the light artillery of the Allies—Wells, Shaw, Rostand, and Chesterton. This is the only amusing episode of the otherwise sombre world tragedy. Yet this is a war for civilization. A complete reorganization of Europe, the barest outlines of which are not even dimly distinguishable at the present time, is bound to follow, for the world

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is again in the melting-pot. Who in 1789 could have foretold the Europe that was to emerge from the French Revolution!

The Nineteenth Century, which really began in 1815 with the Battle of Waterloo and closed in 1914 with the invasion of Belgium, was the fruitful mother of many ideas, the most robust of which was nationalism. That state of collective maturity called nationality had been denied to some of the peoples of Europe, either because unfortunate circumstances kept them divided or because foreign despots kept them conquered. The French Revolution had proclaimed not only the idea of individual liberty, but with almost equal fervor the principle of national independence, that every people had a right to the government of its own choice, irrespective of the wishes of any despot, domestic or foreign. This was one of the ideas at the point of the Revolutionary bayonets of 1793. But it was the Industrial Revolution which gave a more solid foundation to nationalism. The railroads and steamboats were like a net-work of veins and arteries that carried the blood of the nation pulsating to the furthest parts of the body. The factory concentrated the economic interests of the same people divided into separate states and gave a powerful momentum to completer political union. Old nations like France and England lost much of their local spirit and became more firmly knit and centralized. Powerful new nations like United Germany and United Italy sprang into existence. The peoples under foreign control took courage. Greece had already won its independence from Turkey and Belgium from Holland; later in the Nineteenth Century, revolutions against Turkish rule brought into existence the Balkan States, Bulgaria, Roumania, Serbia, Montenegro, and now Albania. Norway quietly separated from Sweden. The appearance of these new nations awakened longings among those who were still under foreign control, Hungarians, Irish, Poles, Bohemians, Finns, and the various Slavic peoples in Austria. Even the Jews, so long a decapitated nation, began to hope for the reëstablishment of Zion. Now, in this greatest of all wars, in which the very existence of almost every participant is directly or indirectly involved, each nation is very anxious to give its

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raison d'être, to show why its "culture" or distinctive contribution to civilization is of the greatest importance.

What is this *Deutsche Kultur* which, according to the Germans, is to supersede the decadent civilization of other European peoples? In the first place, it means the control of natural forces through science or the rationalization of industry. Nature has not been over-kind to Germany. Her soil is poor; coal and iron are found only in moderate quantities; good harbors are few in spite of a long coast line; and there are but few navigable rivers in the entire land. Nevertheless the application of science to agriculture has made Germany, now almost as highly industrialized as England, practically self-supporting. By applying science to industry, Germany made such astonishing progress in her trade and manufactures that she quickly began to displace England as the "workshop of the world." It has been the dream of the Germans to create a great economic empire, to have German vessels carry the goods of all nations, German products sold in all the markets of the world, German money building railroads and opening mines in Asia and Africa. Here is coming into the world an industrial conception of nationality not limited to fixed boundaries but continually expanding. For long, patriotism has been an agricultural emotion because the conception of nationality has been territorial. That is why we die for our native *land* and love its *"rocks and rills."* Patriotism is beginning to mean defending mining concessions in North Africa and railways in Asia Minor, and the time may yet come when men will gladly sacrifice their lives for a bale of cotton.

When an Anglo-Saxon or Frenchman surveys the social scene he beholds myriads of individuals struggling for existence whose lives, if they survive, and whose property, if they gain any, are protected by the State. Individualism was an ideal of personal salvation that first came into the world with Protestantism and was later applied in the political field by the American and French Revolutions. It was the first great philosophy of the modern world and won the priceless boon of intellectual, religious, and political freedom. But the Industrial Revolution turned to ashes this exuberant ideal of personal salvation. What

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chance of survival had the individual worker against the machine, the individual merchant against the corporation and trust! "Liberty and Equality," once the battle cry of those who had humbled kings, aristocracies and churches, became the philosophy of the new industrial tyranny which consisted merely in letting things alone, *laissez faire*. A sort of moral sanction was given to the oppression of the poor by the rich when both were declared equal before the law. "The law with its majestic sense of equality," says Anatole France, "forbids the rich man as well as the poor man from sleeping underneath bridges." It is true that the laboring man was given the suffrage, but he soon found that the vote was "a mere scrap of paper" whenever he made a strenuous effort to use it for his own benefit, as every political system contained safeguards against revolutionary changes.

In Germany the doctrine of *laissez faire* has never played much of a rôle for the reason that, in the German view, society does not consist of individuals but of economic groups. Left to struggle for themselves, some of these groups would prosper at the expense of the others and the nation as a whole would consequently be the loser. To conserve the best interests of the nation, the German has developed an organic view of society, namely, that the various classes must work in harmony in order to ensure the well-being of the community; hence the control of social forces by the State becomes an integral element of *Deutsche Kultur*. To the State is assigned the coördination of all social and economic activities, and the welfare of each group is carefully guarded by a system of enlightened and painstaking legislation. The State teaches the farmer how best to utilize the soil and protects his product by high tariffs and low railway rates. It aids the investing capitalist by a fine system of banking facilities and concessions in foreign parts. It aids the merchant and manufacturer by far-seeing regulation and by putting at their service the best commercial and scientific knowledge of the day. It aids the laborer by giving him manual training and protecting him from foreign competition by strict immigration laws. If the laborer was refused a share in the government he was insured against sickness, protected against his employer, and given a pension in old age. For the first time in history the State ap-

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peared in the guise of a friend of the lower classes. Unfortunately this magnificent social State called Germany is dominated by a feudal autocratic spirit and the masses receive the benefits grudgingly, for they fear that power not of themselves which makes for efficiency and prosperity.

Another striking element of *Deutsche Kultur* is what has been described as the socialization of the intellectual means of production. A new idea is immediately utilized to its greatest capacity in every possible manner for the benefit of the nation. Those media of intellectual exchange, universities, laboratories, books, and periodicals abound everywhere. Every idea, subject, trade, profession, school, etc., has its numberless *Berichte* and *Zeitschriften* which immediately carry the latest information to every corner of the land. Englishmen particularly are intellectually wasteful as they often neglect to utilize what they create; the German on the contrary believes in the conservation of ideas. It was an English chemist, Perkin, who first discovered the aniline dyes, but it was Germany, not England, that built up the greatest dyeing industry in the world. It was likewise another Englishman, Thomas, who discovered a new method of purifying iron which was utilized by Germany to build up her iron and steel industries.

Prior to 1870 Germany was, as has been said of Boston, not a place but a state of mind, a nation of poets and philosophers. The very type of helplessness and inefficiency was the heavy Teuton who sat spinning metaphysical cob-webs while the whole world around him was conquering new continents and inventing new machines. The Germany of those days was derided by one of the most gifted of her children, Heine, as the "ruler of the clouds." In his moments of pessimism, the German, deprived of his nationality, developed a feeling of world sorrow, *Weltschmerz;* but in his moments of optimism, he bathed himself anew in the mediæval virtues of simplicity and valor. In the very blaze of the Nineteenth Century, Germany produced in the Wagnerian operas a series of epics which celebrate in language and music of vibrant Teutonism the *Heldenmut* of the race; the altar fires of the religion of valor still burned brightly, for the "pale Galilean" had never really displaced the hero gods of the Ger-

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mans. Suddenly, the helpless, inefficient German became the archetype of efficiency, for the unification of 1870 was the work not only of "blood and iron" but of systematic planning that was almost uncanny in its perfection. A Thirteenth Century spirit had taken possession of a Twentieth Century body and this combination of mediæval valor with modern science began to wreak itself upon the world, with the results that we all know. Only in diplomacy does the German's former inefficiency still cling to him, for that is an art unknown both to the knight and to the scientist.

When the Germans at last entered nationhood they immediately demanded their "place in the sun." *Weltschmerz* became *Weltmacht*. As Germany was a late comer in the European family, she found that all the "places in the sun" had already been taken. England had sprawled all over the world. Even "decadent" France was building anew a great African empire. Then it was that this new German, the *Reichsdeutscher*, flushed with the victories of three wars, began to evolve a new philosophy. Other Germans, other philosophies! This new *Weltanschauung* as preached by Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi has for its corner-stone the ideal of force; that might not only makes right but that it is right. And it is an ideal. By force the German does not at all mean—in spite of what he himself sometimes says—mere brutality and material dominance, but a form of creative energy through which the foundations of a new civilization are laid. *"Im Anfang war die That,"* says Faust. Old and decadent nations or institutions endeavor to protect themselves from destruction by appealing to those ideals which had been their strength in days gone by, but which are later used to shield incapacity and decay. Such, according to the German, is English "morality," which he regards as a form of envy of Germany's superior creative power. Such is French "idealism," which is a consoling form of despair of a people who had failed to conquer the world.

France has furnished the great surprise of the war. She is so quiet and stubborn. Enthusiasm and audacity have generally characterized France when she was fighting for ideas; now that she is fighting for life she is developing the virtue of defence,

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a stubborn and silent determination to contest every step of the enemy on her soil.

Of all the nations of the world, France has borne a charmed life. From being a second-rate Power in the days of Louis XVI, she rose to dominate the world during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. From impotence during the Restoration, she again seized the hegemony of Europe during the Second Empire. The defeat and humiliation of 1870, *l'année terrible*, failed to seal her fate as a great nation, for she has since won for herself an enviable position in the European family. To what is due this continually recurring resurrection? In the main, it is to be ascribed to the significant fact that France is the only nation of modern times which can boast of a fusion between culture and public life. The French State is the coördinator and even the inspirer of art and literature; between the arts and the Government there exists an *entente cordiale*. This gives a toughness to the national fibre unknown among other peoples. When the nation is struck down in defeat the glow of the French imagination warms the national wounds and heals them. Lamartine, Hugo, and Michelet did it after Waterloo; Renan, Zola, and Daudet did it after Sedan. In this way art has come to the aid of France as science has to Germany. A complete absence in France of mediævalism, either in its robust form as in Germany or in its decadent form as in England, makes her as truly modern as she is civilized. French patriotism exhibits all the intensity and fervor of a religious emotion, for the Frenchman beholds in the ever present image of *La Patrie* a source of spiritual life.

France is unique also in harboring at the same time the two master spirits, Democracy and Aristocracy, and being nourished by both. In England, where the Aristocratic spirit dominates all fields of human activity, social and economic life suffer in consequence; in America, where the Democratic spirit pervades all fields, art and letters suffer. But in France, it is only in society and politics that Democracy holds sway; whereas in art and letters Aristocracy rules, unbroken and unchallenged. The case of Anatole France, the revolutionary Socialist, who is at the same time the straitest of classicists, could not be duplicated in any other country. If Germany is a combination of the mediæval and the

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modern, France combines the far more normal and healthy elements of the ancient and the modern.

The French are the only example in the world of a people with revolutionary traditions. The French Revolution, by cutting the jugular vein of the inherited traditions of the land, established revolution itself as a tradition. This has resulted in making France the breeding place of new ideas; there was little to check the exuberant fancy of an imaginative people. And because new ideas always take on strange forms and speak a Quixotic language, France has often been decried as fantastic when she has been really original. The history of the French people has been a constant struggle between ideas and conditions, as the French mind often defies the limitation of circumstances. Republics are organized without republicans; Socialism is passionately advocated in a country still largely agricultural; and now Syndicalism gains force in a land of petty industries. The periods of reaction that have so often followed outbursts of revolutionary radicalism were but the natural results of trying to force progress beyond the capacity of digestion by the existing social organism. For this reason, France's contribution to social politics has been rather meagre, but her contribution to intellectual politics has been of the ripest and most lasting character. She is the only great nation in Europe that has separated Church and State; established a secular system of national education, and is now prepared to revise her electoral system on a rational basis by introducing Proportional Representation.

Were Germany to conquer France this time, she would take good care to destroy once for all this tough-fibred nation that had arisen from the grave of 1870 to confront her again in 1914. France would then die without hope of resurrection; or continue to live the half-life of a great nation become small, and perhaps produce a race of mystics as did Greece under Rome. We can hardly imagine what a Franceless Europe would be like. Were this to happen, our modern world would be left intellectually homeless.

As long as English is the language spoken by Americans, England will continue to be, in a sense, our mother country, for language, above all other things, shapes that particular view of

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life called nationality. Culturally speaking, America is a self-governing commonwealth in the British Empire; hence Americans are vitally interested in the outcome of the war. The spontaneous and unanimous sympathy of our people for the cause of the Allies is not due so much to the conviction that the latter are "right" and the Germans "wrong." It may be expressed that way, but deep underneath there is present a feeling of unity with England, and we will not willingly let die the nation that has given us life.

The only deep hatred shown in this war is not between Germany and France, in spite of Alsace-Lorraine; not between Germany and Russia, in spite of Slavism; but between Germany and England, two peoples who have no historic grievances but on the contrary are closely related by ties of blood and religion. It is economic rivalry that generates the bitterest hatreds, and this war is turning out to be a struggle between England and Germany for the economic hegemony of the world. With all his genius, Napoleon was bound to succumb to the overwhelming power of wealth that was being produced in England by the new machinery, which in the end proved more powerful than his cannon. Had Napoleon conquered England, he would not have known what to do with his victory; the best he could offer as a substitute for the new industrial system was peasant proprietorship. Now, England, for the first time in her history, has met in Germany her economic match and a foeman worthy of her money. Should the Germans win they could easily supply an industrial system as good as, and even better than, that of the British and so make their conquest lasting.

The Englishman is an inveterate individualist. He is firmly convinced that the individual, particularly one of the English variety, is *capable de tout*. Recently a war despatch from London, in describing an attack by the Germans on a Belgian town, naïvely added that the place would surely not be taken because *English* soldiers were defending it. The writer seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that the machine gun had made all men of one race, as at one time gunpowder had made them all of one height. Yet, in truth, it must be said that in no country is individualism more justified of its fruits than in England. Milton,

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Locke, Cobbett, Mill, Cobden, Huxley, and Darwin are glorious names in the history of freedom in religion, politics, trade, and thought. Now that the fight for freedom has been won, has England become exhausted? Is she to be pushed aside by another, pregnant with the ideals of the future? During the last decade there has developed among Englishmen an ideal of social reconstruction which differs from the Socialism of Karl Marx in matter as much as it does from the State paternalism of Bismarck in spirit. This ideal, which may be termed the New Individualism, regards society as an organism composed of individuals whose economic well-being is to be promoted by the State. The latter is no longer a sort of referee that merely watches the struggle and crowns the victor as in Old Individualism. On the contrary, the State is intensely interested in the outcome of the struggle and busies itself in removing the handicaps of those who enter it. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells are the prophets of this new ideal; Sidney and Beatrice Webb, its formulators; and Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, its statesmen. The enormous amount of social legislation enacted in England during the past decade—largely self-administered in order to avoid bureaucracy—is an eloquent testimony of the strength of the new movement among the rising generation of Englishmen.

The New Individualism is also responsible in part for the great Woman's Movement which is so significant a phenomenon of our times. English women more than their continental sisters have heard the call of the new time which bids them assert their individuality, particularly in relation to the community at large. That the Woman's Movement puts social reform in the forefront of its programme is no more surprising than that nearly all the champions of New Individualism are ardent advocates of the emancipation of women. France it was that established in the world the Rights of Man; and it will be England that will establish the Rights of Woman.

After all, the salvation of the individual will always remain the great problem of life. Society is an abstraction, difficult to grasp even for a professional sociologist; but the individual is a concrete, definite, living problem. Unfortunately, Old Individ-

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ualism made the fatal error of conceiving the individual as an abstraction. It wasn't Thomas Jones or Henry Smith that they had in mind, but the "natural man" and the "economic man," with the result that the kindest hearts and clearest heads, the Ricardos and Mills, became the invisible oppressors of their unfortunate fellow creatures by putting a philosophic system at the service of greedy exploiters of human labor.

It is commonly supposed that the Englishman lacks philosophy because he does not express his *Weltanschauung* as stridently as the German or as attractively as the Frenchman. It is rather in his *way of doing things* than in his formulations that one catches a glimpse of the Englishman's general views, for he endeavors to hide his philosophy under a bushel lest he be suspected of the cardinal sin of "doctrinairism." Toleration is the one word which fully explains the Englishman's *way*. No man is more willing to abide the presence of all sorts of ideas, to consort with them freely even though superficially and to refrain from harshness to opponents. This "give and take" attitude of the Englishman has produced a spirit of moderation which mellows every class in the nation. The aristocrats are conservative, not reactionary; the middle classes more radical than liberal; and the working-men, faintly socialistic. The British Empire itself is the only example of a great political society held together by a community of ideals. The grant of local self-government to South Africa after the Boer War had cost Britain so much in blood, money, and more still in pride, is the most magnificent example of toleration in all political history. "How about Ireland, India, and Egypt?" it may be asked. The answer is that Ireland is already assured of self-government, and India and Egypt will, before long, be prepared to assume the same responsibilities.

It is England, with her New Individualism radiating social emotions, her tolerance and her mellowness, not autocratic Germany, however efficient, that will lay the spiritual foundations of the society of to-morrow.

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AN ARTIST'S MORALITY

HORACE HOLLEY

I AM convinced that only stupid people like myself come to choose a particular line of conduct from the maze of reason and desire, and grow so conscious about their habits that they develop a Morality. Comparatively stupid, at any rate, for I am applying my scale from the top of human nature, where life is unity; not from the bottom, where the instincts and passions are learned painfully one by one, and personality is only a truce between the struggling elements in one's own nature. The presence of a Morality presupposes more or less feeling of that divided state, and though it shows advance toward unity, that the direction is right, it by no means represents attainment. A Morality remains a terrible menace to spiritual evolution. Like national armament, it constantly makes itself an end rather than a means. Unless it points forward, unless its front ever extends some distance into the regions of enthusiasm, a Morality can overburden the creative spirit, and utterly destroy the secret inner being it was originally called upon to defend. Which of course is why poets and artists generally have always . . .

In my own life I can remember a Golden Age when I had no need for a Morality. It was the spring-time of youth: to write verses coincided with every duty and desire. And one poem led by a natural growth to another, and that to the next, until, in an amazingly short while, I had filled a stout sheepskin journal with carefully dated manuscript, an *opus mirabile* long since given over to the flames. Then intervened a period of sheer stupidity which cut my nature in two, sundering man and artist by a strange yawning chasm. I had to develop each half separately and at the expense of the other. Something impelled me in the direction of a stronger, saner manhood; and that something made me dread poetry like a weakness and a vice, while rewarding my obedience to its demands by a new, curious feeling of self-satisfaction. But I could never quite succeed in confining my life within its arbitrary limits. In spite of effort and

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oath to give up poetry, I was periodically seized by the creative spirit; and then away with mean routine and discipline, a great blind ecstasy blotting out mere self-satisfaction under a far more welcome thrill. But this state was even more impermanent, and on dissolving it left behind a terrible emptiness of being, a sick fear I hated and despised. So for years I was torn by the shock of two evenly-balanced forces, unable to give either one a lasting supremacy, unwilling to do so even if I could. Sometimes I acted from will, sometimes from passion; but nothing that I did, and no force that I possessed, seemed to give me control over my own experience. Many a crisis left me feeling unbearable depression, yet it never occurred to me that such states were less inevitable for my nature than ice for the polar regions or cyclones for the south. I was a spiritual beggar, glad for a mere continuity of life from day to day.

Had I not possessed the evidence of an occasional piece of work, and ideas of gratifying possibility insisting upon expression, I should have resigned utterly to the feeling that I was not destined for an artist's life, and had far better devote all my energy to another hope. But the ideas continued to insist, and that hope remained unchangeable, and I determined to succeed or fail by poetry alone, gradually learning to regard my frequent moodiness and self-distrust as an unavoidable penalty all conscious life, in one way or another, must pay the fates. I lessened the inner struggle somewhat by turning my back resolutely on what I considered the meaner of the two conflicting parties.

But such a condition represented anything but my ideal. By some irrepressible instinct I perceived that there lay a more creative condition beyond,—the condition in which the world's great, sustained work is done. I looked with helpless envy at our calm giants of literature. Fortunate beings, to produce out of the joyous union of character with desire! I could not reconcile myself to the pleasant doctrine that the artist is only an instrument. I could not, I would not, accept poet and painter as a kind of stained glass through which "truth" or "beauty" sent its rays, or as a pipe the great god Pan cut by the river for a capricious interlude of song. I wanted my art to be a

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personal creation,—a task accomplished by my own free will, a child my own parenthood had conceived and borne. True, most lives about me confirmed my own divided state rather than unity and free will,—it is the agony of self-conflict, I believe, which makes art a reality to the average man,—but I held a secret criterion their combined influence could not discredit.

II

Had it not been for a chance event, I cannot tell how long I might have remained in this mood. Conceivably a life-time; for that mere absence of inner disharmony not to be represented by the poise of a well-trued wheel in rapid revolution, but by the tense, exhausting balance of two fairly-matched wrestlers deadlocked in fierce embrace,—that kind of stalemate, in short, which most souls arrive at in their struggle for self-control; that condition is seldom overcome by any catastrophe less complete than death. But before it had become fixed in me by habit, an unusual good fortune came to my aid. For two days, on terms of rare intimacy, I met an older man whose nature personified and exemplified the creative type, the self-conscious, self-directed poetic nature of my earliest and profoundest ideal.

The effect his mere presence had upon me was immense. Our first meeting shocked my entire being. It was a moral cataclysm not less astonishing in result than the toppling of old mountains in a sudden whirlpool of the sea. But the thunder and jar of the change seemed outside, though close and imminent, and not within me. Within, I gained a startling clarity of perception. My thought seemed to go out and mingle with his. I saw myself, and life, as he must regard himself and life habitually: as I never before had witnessed them, and as I never could have seen them by my own effort. This man's nature somehow projected its unity upon me like a vision. And in the supreme arrogance of real humility I seized upon it as a vision of my true self. He had given me a perspective outside either fragment of the divided nature I had previously been compelled to accept as self. I looked down as from a tower,

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and there, not too far away, the two winding paths met, the overgrown, baffling jungle gave way to open ground. But the vision cruelly hurt and tormented me. It cut away, and bound together; it shattered, and restored. I could not escape it.

From both sides of my nature simultaneously a new impulse set to work. The former conflict had raged between man and artist, between being and creating; and as such any possible victory meant defeat; but now it began between a burdened man-artist and a man-artist joyously free, between a creative being limited and a creative being expanded so as to include every drop of blood and every brain-cell. Thus it was a battle in which I could heartily, thoughtfully join, confident that its successful issue entailed no ignominious truce.

The issue presented itself at once and in definite terms. On returning to the lodgings where a year's psychic actions and reactions had expressed themselves in a comfortable atmosphere suggesting about an equal degree of endeavor and relapse, labor and repose,—a puritanically bare writing table by the window, a deep lounging chair by the fire; pen and manuscript conspicuous to hand, but pipe and novel ready also,—I found all this methodical disorder utterly out of key with my rising passion of self-control, and I changed the room from first to last and from end to end. The chief discord sounded from the pipe; as a thing of sudden nastiness I threw it through the window, drawing in, almost reverently, a deep breath of cool October air.

Even if I possessed a detailed journal of the following three months, I should not quote from it: I am indifferent to biography, but intensely interested in a general fact slowly emphasized by my experience during the time. True, that battle had many skirmishes. Doubts rose hideous from the original slime of life, and ridicule confronted me in the dark; but against all stupor and opposition I held one impregnable defence, a conscious joy. And as I worked faithfully upon a manuscript begun before the fateful meeting, I felt the unhurried approach of some supreme idea. It drew toward me from all sides, and equally from reality and imagination. The people I talked with, the landscape I saw each day, the books I read, seemed to be combining with every past reflection and dream to create, in good

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time, some all-inclusive work, the fusion of one united nature with its whole range of experience.

III

Just here I first grew aware of a Morality for art. Morality as a system of conduct, obedience to some outer standard or authority, had never interested me. I had resolved to make myself creative as an artist, if that were possible, and felt that this determination had nothing to do with ten or any other number of commandments. Morality in general has no bearing on creation, which is personal and dynamic, but only on goodness, which is static and conventional, and as soon as I discovered this I ceased to give the matter any concern. The word had even become distasteful; yet to my surprise I had suddenly turned Moral. I had learned that the union of thought, action and will can produce a richer, more fertile, and more spontaneous personality. I learned that self can create self, directed onward through the days in accordance with a definite and useful plan; that one's own being will respond to conscious artistry and yield a result showing forth the artist's desire not differently than a poet's words or a sculptor's marble. I learned about the creative process itself; how it is a function of spiritual growth or decay, accurately tracing to those fitted to observe, the soul's onward course toward self-control or self-abandonment. No great work of art but represents some signal victory or defeat suffered by that mysterious being. I have no respect for the unvaried series of works produced by some so-called great men: the twenty successful novels, the thousand or more accomplished poems given out from one spiritual level. They do not witness growth and attainment. They signalize no evolution; they become a knack, like juggling swords or mathematical formulæ. Best of all, from a point of view more elevated than mere entertainment, is the life-work ever growing in purpose and scope; lyrics followed by dramas or novels, and these by epic or philosophy; each period charged with some vital contemporary need of the soul, and each work sped out, like an

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arrow from the taut bow, by a sudden expansion of the inner, the real self. No art that is carried out on schedule is important, no matter how technically proficient, nor how charged with information, nor how academically acclaimed. It retires before the true creation: at no time does it secure the attention of self-conscious natures. Behind the thick mist where the ordinary "artist" labors to acquire skill and dexterity in sublime indifference to spiritual attainment, or struggles desperately to control the unaccountable alterations of his own moods, the real process of creation quietly and inevitably goes on, subject to conditions few suspect and very few control. It is here that men gain or lose power to perform work of all kinds. I do not speak now of art, so-called, alone; for every work deserving attention is as much a matter of personal creation as pictures or poems. But the whole subject will remain misunderstood or neglected so long as we attach ideas of social right and wrong to the master idea, Morality. We must distinguish between two values in conduct; a social value, conventional in nature and founded upon a scientific basis, to be enforced as a public necessity by the authority of government; and a personal value, spiritual in quality, which makes or unmakes men, and can only be enforced from within. The word Morality, with its long religious connection, should be used to describe the second value, and that alone. Whether a man is temperate or kind or honest has not a primary but a secondary importance; that is, its real significance derives from its relation to a purpose and an end far beyond conduct. It is a manner of travelling, not the goal. Morality has to do with attainment; without a personal vision it does not exist. But wherever there is a personal vision, we find some form and some degree of art. Whether the form of expression consist in paint or business organization, it necessitates control of the creative faculty. Thus an artist's Morality is more than one form of Morality: it is *the* Morality. The artist-type suddenly assumes a new and startling importance. We must perceive in the artist a commanding position on the universal trajectory of spiritual development. He it is who registers all movement, whether forward or backward, most immediately and most strikingly of men. His being and his

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doing are clearly reflected in the same glass. What is found by experience to benefit the creative quality of artists must in the long run prove beneficial to all men. As more and more men gain freedom of will in society, this fact will be manifested. Far from being the immoral or the unmoral type, the artist, whenever he is self-conscious and not a mere technician, is the most moral of men. In him the advantage of spiritual attainment is testified beyond doubt, and the misery of failure in the inner life published conspicuously abroad.

Nothing on earth can take the place of the artist's personal vision. No other force can combine all the elements of body and mind, ally them to one irresistible clear-eyed passion, and then at last, when the creative act is consummated, dismiss them without reluctance to prepare for the new task, like a patriotic army contented to dissolve into the arts and trades of daily life as soon as the victory is won. Church or State Morality breeds within the soul a mercenary troop never so battle-drunk and dangerous as when its services are needed no more.

Men as artists: every man and woman capable of the supreme vision: here fling wide a thousand new gates into the unknown, here pours upon the race an influx of power and enthusiasm for the new renaissance, the renaissance of personality. And here lies the racial fountain of youth, the only force that can keep the world from growing old, and weary, and unfit.

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SEEKING THE SHADE OF WILLIAM JAMES

M. H. Hedges

THERE is something ineffably sad in the falling of summer into winter. This dispiriting change the Greeks celebrated long ago by requiem and solemn dance before the tomb of long-lost heroes. In this metamorphosis of nature, from time immemorial, poets have seen the image of human mortality. In spite of eternal hope, in spite of intuitive glimpses into nature's plan, in spite of all logical assurance and all perennial faith, the falling leaf, the grey stubble field, the bare, gaunt tree, the sad silences of winter places suggest the falling of momentary life into death perpetual.

The truth is, doubt sits at the custom-seats of our natures. We grow sad at the sight of autumn fields because doubt is as perennial as faith. We sit before the winter fire and think sad thoughts because equal to instinct for life is instinct for death. We possess two natures, one which decays, one which aspires eternally. And the universe, the reflection of our minds, grows sad or gay, even as our moods, running the gamut of human emotions, play over the sea and land and skies of the world. The sunshine of the world is the sunshine of our minds; the gloom of the world is the gloom of our minds. And whether we, when doubt is ascendent, see in the world a joyful order, depends upon one single instrument, our human wills. Our human wills give the issue of the battle in our minds to doubt or faith. Since our wills are free, we, racked by bodily ills, beaten and bruised, may look upon a joyful order, even in the time of autumnal decay. We may believe in holiness, in truth, in happiness, in immortality, in the depth and dignity of human nature, in God, if we have the will to believe.

Such is the doctrine of William James written in his essay, *The Will to Believe*. Let one find this essay, as I found it, in a moment when all his early delusions about the world are crumbling into misshapen heaps, when he needs authority, not the authority of the Church, nor even of argument, but the authority of personality, and he will find in William James a friend. Is it

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any wonder that I began, from that moment, a high, romantic quest for the shade of William James? Why shouldn't one want to find all that was earthly of William James? For he was a man who seemed to have absorbed all knowledge; who knew the human organism, physical and mental, as few men have known it; who had a temperament warm and clear; a scientist who loved beauty, a poet who loved fact; could one escape being a searcher for the shade of such a man?

II

One goes to Harvard. One has been told that James dead, his spirit still is there. But William James had not set his stamp upon the outward form of that university. There was nothing in those little, red colonial buildings, huddled within the space of a city block, which suggested the spaciousness of William James. Over on Irving street the plain, brown frame house, pointed out as James's residence, might have been the home of any one of a dozen Harvard professors. In the restlessness and egoism of undergraduate and graduate students, there was none of James's serenity and altruism. Once a professor of philosophy mentioned William James. He said (I quote from memory), that James taught that if on the judgment day all the universe, save one tormented flea, sang a pæan of divine happiness, the judgment would be incomplete, when one flea was tormented. Surely this was a quotation representative of James's democracy, but this professor was not a follower of James. There was nothing of the vernal warmth of James's spirit in his rational system. My master stood alone, in sublime isolation, amid the grandeur of tradition, aspiration, and achievement. Within all this mortar and brick, within all this activity, and within all this accomplishment, there seemed to be nothing of his spirit. Harvard had denied him at least once; here one did not find the shade of William James.

One day a professor of English talked about William James. Yes, William James's father was a Swedenborgian minister and used to entertain Emerson in his home. William was much like

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his father in appearance and in manner; both were noted for subtle wit. William passed through successive stages of aspiration; as a youthful student he had a private tutor; he went later to the Lawrence Scientific school at Harvard, and was a friend of Agassiz; he became a portrait painter; art did not satisfy him, he turned physician; medicine did not give him best expression, he became a teacher of anatomy in Harvard, and to this day his snap courses are remembered for their rich suggestiveness; he grew interested in psychology, and in ten years achieved the highest rank as student of the mind; thence it was easy to pass into philosophy; thence from philosophy it was easier to pass into ethics. However diffuse were his occupations, as student, scientist, physician, painter, teacher, psychologist, philosopher, and moralist he was seeking constantly for the "soul of truth in things erroneous," and he came near to finding that truth. And concluding, the professor of English said: "I am not sure William James was not a great man." Harvard had denied James a second time, and the devotee had to look elsewhere for the presence of his master.

But these remarks had explained two mysteries in William James's work, namely, his mysticism and his great learning. For in spite of the literalness of his age, in spite of his scientific training, James always maintained a belief in the Unseen, a belief in the world of the spirit behind sensuous things. And although William James held no academic degrees save honorary ones, his learning was rich and broad, for he had gathered, as this professor had shown, the fruits of thought from the field of every human endeavor.

One later day we followed another professor to his office; we coveted his opinion, for he was the glass of Harvard reflecting all the culture and fashion and bigotry of the university. We watched him as he stood before the coal-fire, puffing rapturously at a cigarette, and at once we were reminded of a Dutch burgher stepped down from a canvas of Van Dyck. We knew that the best blood of New England flowed through his purple veins, for he himself had told us so; we knew that he had been a student of Lowell, that he loved Holmes and Longfellow and disregarded Emerson because of that seer's aloofness. We were con-

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fident that he would have something interesting to say of William James.

From a discussion of text-books and of literature, he finally passed to the subject of the philosopher. The professor had an intimate knowledge of the James family; he knew rather intimately James's illustrious brother Henry, and he had travelled with William himself in France. He knew James's petty extravagance; he laughed because James had blown in a whole year's salary for a single painting; he ridiculed the philosopher's support of William Jennings Bryan and his honest delight in the stories of O. Henry. He deplored James's inconstancy, his inability to stay at one task; he satirised James's almost effeminate delight in dress and pretty things.

"You never saw James?" he said.

"No."

"Then come with me."

He took down his hat and cane and led us across the yard to the administration building, up the steps to the faculty room on the second floor. There, among the pictures of Longfellow and Lowell and Eliot, he pointed out the portrait of a quizzical man with a reddish beard. In that portrait there was nothing striking save the peculiarly dynamic quality of the figure, which gave the impression that the form was alertly animated by a hidden force.

"Even in that poor portrait you can get an idea of James's jaunty apparel."

Then he fell to talking of less superficial aspects of his friend, and finally said: "The trouble with James was, he had a divinely shameless neglect of values."

And in that clever phrase Harvard had denied James a third time, for one must believe that, of all men of his day, no one, as James, weighed with such supreme accuracy human values.

The professor's gentle arraignment of William James could be understood. He, like many another good man, in his pursuit of culture had forgotten the great, ordinary human values. He, scion of a New England family, friend of poets and philosophers, celebrity of Europe and of America, had forgotten that self-giving, not self-cultivation as such, is the final purpose of life.

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To him the smell of the crowd was offensive; to him the ordinary pursuits of the average man in the marts of trade, the ceaseless weaving to and fro of life in tribunal and shop and manufactory, were ugly. Such disagreeable impressions destroyed the nice balance of culture; the key to his philosophy was the "elimination of the commonplace," a dictum which may be applied aptly to art but not to life.

In sharp contrast stood the creed of William James. Not the elimination but the glorification of the commonplace was his philosophy.

"We of the highly educated classes (so called) have most of us got far away from nature. We are trained to seek the choice, the rare, the exquisite exclusively, and to overlook the common. We are stuffed with abstract conceptions, and glib with verbalities and verbosities; and in the culture of these higher functions the peculiar sources of joy connected with our simpler functions often dry up, and we grow stone-blind and insensible to life's most elemental and general goods and joys. . . . The remedy under such conditions is to descend to a more profound and primitive level. To be imprisoned or shipwrecked or forced into the army would permanently show the good of life to many an overeducated pessimist." *

The crowd was not ill-smelling to the man who wrote this. The ordinary pursuits of the average man to James were suggestive of dignity and power; the ceaseless weaving to and fro of life to him was the image of a dynamic force working through and in all things. If James exalted the commonplace and sublimated the average man, he shamelessly did not neglect values but divinely weighed them (and after all perhaps this is what the professor meant). James's democracy, his quick love for his fellows, surely was a far more precious principle of life than the professor's ultra-individualism.

After that conversation with the man of culture (so called), to the dreamer there seemed nothing earthly of William James. My master, like all great men, pleads for a realized, spiritual order which will take society ages to achieve. Overlooked he

*James's *On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings.*

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will be, but in the end the principle that he embodies will be embodied, too, in fact.

III

And so it was not at Harvard that I found the shade of William James, but in an unsystematic and almost casual reading of his books; in that reading there has been created an emotional response that writes itself thus.

After all, I have a feeling that William James himself would have welcomed my opinion of him. He, of all men, believed in the sovereignty of the mediocre man. He discovered rich artistic natures, who to the world had been long obscure. He used diaries and statements of unknown men as examples of universal experience when the testimonies of masters were at hand. He quoted the ditcher. He considered his students his teachers. In short, he was the fellow-loving democrat.

In characterizing a man, we, of this day, have the habit of disregarding the sensuous attributes for the supersensuous. Long ago a man was called the "Red" or the "Agile," but now we speak of him as an " Intellect " or " Will." Björnson was called the "Bleeding Heart of Norway." To me William James is an Attitude. He is the proper reaction against life and people and things. I do not think of him, sometimes, as a personality, but as a principle; and that principle admits of various interpretations. I can see how the churchman may assert that William James exemplified in his life the mystic creed of love that Jesus Christ preached. I can see how the scholar may point to him as an ideal of broad tolerance. It would not be strange if the socialist found his creed in James's teachings; or if the philosopher of common sense maintained that he was a man fair and unbiased. But call it love, tolerance, socialism, or fairness, it is that quality which comes from the subjection of the near for the exaltation of the remote self.

It is not difficult to find evidence of this attitude. The story is told that he sought in his laboratory for "balm for the souls of men." It is the key to his nature. This passion was woven into action. The balm he found for the souls of men was truth

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that had been locked up in the barred and bolted philosophies of the world. But how to get these truths to the eager thousands was a problem. It was a problem of style. He solved it. There are purple passages in his metaphysical treatises. For the public, finding his works was like finding a pocket of jewels in a worn-out mine.

Never in all his writings did he call attention to himself. His eyes were turned outward, not inward. Even in so formal a book as his Psychology he thought of the other man and stopped to preach an academic sermon. He says:

"Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently between all details of his business the power of judging in all class of matter will have built itself up within him, a possession that will never pass away."

Even here James exemplifies the principle of unselfishness.

There is something tragic in his philosophic position. He always saw the materialistic arguments; he always understood the idealistic. He was hung pendent, as it were, between a firmament of supersensuous impulses and demands, and a world of science and inexorable law. He lived the life of reason, yet always was sensible to the ineffable aspirings of the human heart. His lecture on *Immortality* is almost as lyric in its nature as Matthew Arnold's "Torn between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." I am sensible, James says, in substance, that the desire for eternal life is a deep, human instinct. (And then he describes that sentiment or instinct so clearly that we know he has poignantly experienced it.) But I am also sensible, he continues, that there are no positive and sensuous answers to the cravings. Science rears many denials to that sentiment. I would save it for you. (And here as always he saved for his fellows the best and lasting values.)

Whether he, in his science-bound habits, could accept them or not, made little difference. He wanted his people to have

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the balm. And that is the reason that I like to think of William James as the materialistic mystic.

What forces made him the essence of tolerance and charity? In the fourteenth century he would have been a monk; sensitive as he was to popular will, he, no doubt, would have been a dramatist in the seventeenth century; the nineteenth would have claimed him for a lyricist, perhaps; but his own age made him the prismatic medium of its psycho-philosophy.

It is alluring to seek to construct the steps in the life of such a spirit. I believe he lived the life of every normal boy. He was studious, eager, enthusiastic; he made verses; he was beauty-loving; and then, by a natural process, surrounded as he was by empiric achievement on every hand, there came that tragic moment when he found that he had based his life on illusions. Then came conflict, the change to science with its sensuous sureties. But always there was a secret goad driving him on; he was restless; he passed from one task to another; he was seeking, seeking, as he himself said, for balm for the souls of men.

The shade of William James is in his books.

In an age of doubt, he was a believer; he saw God in dirt; he was a poet of fact; he was a creative, original mind in an outworn field of bigotry and imitation; a lover of men in a sphere of intensely selfish activity; he found reality behind the blurring film of sense.

His shade?—but an attitude, a principle.

The attitude?—Love.

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LIBERTY AND LICENSE

H. M. AUBREY

WITH the apparent increase in the intellectual power of women, with the certain and great increase in the proportion done by them of what is commonly termed men's work in this world, and with a consequent and perhaps commensurate increased share of responsibility for the development of humanity, there has also seemed to develop among women a tendency to an attitude of indifference regarding female chastity; or, to put it in another and more pregnant way, woman, in doing man's work, in assuming man's duties and responsibilities, shows a tendency to adopt, for women, the man's viewpoint of man's chastity; to hold that women's punishment of woman for a violation of the laws of chastity (as they now exist) shall be neither more nor less than man's punishment of man for the same offence. I use the word "seemed" intentionally, because the tendency, if there be one, is not yet so far developed as to permit the gathering of statistics that would enable us to decide definitely upon its extent, strength, probable result, cause or cure.

Yet it is certain that the radical change in woman's position in the world must lead to change in her attitude upon this question, and as that change may—probably will—deeply affect society as a whole, we are fully justified in attempting to ascertain what tendency there is towards such change, its direction, and its probable result.

So far as I am aware, there are at present but three lines of statistics bearing directly upon the question: prostitution, illegitimacy, and divorce; to these might be added—in this case—public opinion, were it so far formed as to be known beyond doubt; but as it has not yet reached that point, it must be disregarded for the present.

Prostitution has been aptly termed the "oldest profession in the world," and its beginning dates too far back to permit of even a guess as to whether it was originally regarded as an offence, a wrong; we first know it when public opinion had

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stamped it as offensive, and many thousands of laws, emanating from every legislative body created by society, have been enacted for the purpose of regulating the prosecution of the profession or in the vain hope of eradicating it. Owing partially to the law, but more largely to the stigma attaching to the profession, it is secretive in the extreme whenever secrecy appears either possible or profitable; and this secrecy renders it impossible to obtain such statistics upon the number of prostitutes in the past or present as to enable us to estimate even approximately an increase or decrease either in number or percentage. Two conclusions only appear to be justified: 1st—The more congested the population, the worse the economic conditions, the keener the competition for existence, the greater both the number and percentage; 2nd—The supply is always equal to the demand in every place and far in excess of it in many places. Of course, we undoubtedly hear much more to-day about prostitution than formerly; the efforts to eradicate it are made more often, are more strenuous, more sincere; and this might well be construed as evidence of an increase in the number or boldness of prostitutes, and from that might be inferred an increasing indifference among women regarding chastity; but I am of the opinion that it is based upon a cause radically different,—a higher standard of public morality and a keener appreciation of the evil. This being the case, the data upon prostitution throw no effective light upon the question.

The same may be said of illegitimacy; for while the records are fairly correct, yet the decrease and increase shown are so slight and so conflicting as not to permit of satisfactory analysis. But in this connection it may be well to quote the following remark from the *Encyclopædia Britannica:* ". . . In those European countries where elementary education is most common, the rate of illegitimacy is high, and it is more low in the more illiterate parts. That poverty is a determining factor in causing illegitimacy the following figures clearly disprove."

This takes us to the last of the three lines of statistics—divorce. In considering it, the questions of morality, of policy, of advisability, are eliminated: neither is it necessary to give any figures or statistics; the percentage increase in divorce has of

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late years been so enormous as to be known to all and to admit of no debate.

The frequency of divorce, the ease and cheapness with which it may be obtained in this country, find an historic parallel only in the records of the Roman Empire from about 80 B.C. to about 200 A.D., a period equally notorious for profligacy, vice and crime of all kinds; and the divorce evils of that day must be imputed as much to the general character of the times as to any special degeneracy of the women. Our present conditions afford no such reason, for while a small percentage of our people live in extreme luxury and a large percentage enjoy a degree of comfort that may well be termed extravagant, yet the evils of profligacy and vice are steadily decreasing, the moral tone of the people is steadily rising, and the evil of divorce (if it be evil) must therefore be attributed to those who seek it, and the larger proportion of the seekers being women, the question then arises if this is due to the unquestionable lessening of the stigma formerly attaching to the woman with two living husbands.

For a long period preceding, let us say fifty years ago, the divorcee was treated by other women with suspicion and avoidance; she was not received at many Courts, was rejected by many grades of society, and in some circles to be divorced meant ostracism, meant that the woman was socially dead, killed by the verdict—not of man—but of her fellow-women, and this regardless of her guilt or innocence in the cause of the divorce. Man had, has, little to say about it; social grades and circles are made by and for women, they both make and control them. And these same Courts, grades and circles now take no exception to divorce as long as it is not clearly caused by the woman's sexual delinquency; the number of living husbands being immaterial, the sole question being that of fidelity to each while tied to him by law.

What does this change of attitude mean? Is it that the principle of "one man, one woman, till death do them part" has entirely lost its force? And are we to infer from this that the assertion of the right of a woman to change the man, if she ceases to be pleased with him or meets one who pleases her more

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and considers either fact a sufficient excuse for the change, is due to her lessening regard for chastity? And does this assertion and its approval—express or implied—by other women justify the inference that this lessening of regard is due to a widespread feeling among women of the present day that a woman has a right to the man she wants, regardless of the existing connection of either, and that a successful assertion of that right should be sustained—or at least not punished—by her fellow-women?

It must be borne in mind that very early in the development of humanity man established and imposed upon women a standard of female chastity; this was based upon two motives: Jealousy, and the desire to be certain of the paternity of the child. This standard, at first personal and conventional, was subsequently given the sanction of religion and the indorsement of the law, the latter being for the twofold purpose of fixing responsibility for the care of the child and of securing the proper transmission of property from father to child; but with these laws of jealousy, convention, religion and legislation the woman had nothing to do save to obey; in that far-away time her share in the making of any law was too infinitesimal to be worth considering: to-day, in many of the States, she has theoretically as potent a voice in the making of the law as man, and in all States her influence is so great that no law-maker can safely ignore it. This being so, the greater laxity of the law in the matter of divorce is properly chargeable to her, and if the resulting inference shows a lowering of her standard of female chastity, she must be held responsible. And that the greater laxity of social and conventional law is directly chargeable to her there can be no question.

Due consideration must also be given to the fact that cohabitation in itself is not immoral, cannot be. Man has by law declared that certain circumstances shall be considered as stamping it immoral and therefore punishable; but law cannot render any act immoral in itself or change the opinion of those interested, and this particular law was not made by woman, but by man, to suit his ideas and his interests; woman has obeyed it, has apparently assented to it; but were woman in a state of

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nature, freed from all conventionalities and social, religious and governmental law, would she give herself to the man to whom she was originally tied by the law, or to the man she loved and whom she therefore desired to be the father of her child? Woman is more individualistic than man, more swayed by prejudice, by sentiment, by her own individual rights, wrongs, interests or desires, or those of her loved ones; she lacks that conception of the rights of others (whom she does not love) which causes man to respect the law even when injurious to himself; a woman's attitude towards the law is better described as fear of penalties, and when that fear is removed or the penalty compensated, the law becomes, in her eyes, only a masculine foolishness, not worthy of her regard or care, still less of her sacrifice.

It must also be remembered that humanity is largely governed by the law of economics, that each individual inclines to do that which seems best for him from an economic standpoint, so far as the law permits; that each man is continually taking an inventory of himself (consciously or unconsciously) from purely an economic point; that he appraises his knowledge, his mentality, his ability to do certain work to such and such a degree of perfection, his strength, his good looks, etc., and upon each of these he places a market value—shall not a woman do the same? When she goes out to do man's work, she largely adopts man's viewpoint and becomes subject to the same laws of psychology, morality and economics; she also inventories and appraises herself, such and such assets worth so and so; in that inventory and appraisement, is she going to omit that asset upon which is based "the oldest profession in the world"? It is absurd to expect it; no matter how good, how virtuous, she may be, the pressure of economic conditions forces her to take an economic view of herself; in that view she cannot overlook so potent a factor and is only too apt to look at it from an economic rather than a moral standpoint; wherein she will not differ widely from the society belle (*and* her mother) on the look-out for a rich husband.

That the pressure from these diverse and now convergent factors must produce a radical change in our existing social conditions as well as the laws affecting them is unquestionable;

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what that change is to be and whether for good or for evil, is going to rest almost entirely with the women, because man is no longer willing to dictate to woman, he no longer believes that he has the right to do it; he inclines to the opinion that it is morally wrong, that it is better to leave her free to do that which he believes to be wrong rather than compel her to his way of thinking. The theory of the free agency of man is now extended to woman, and man's help to woman will no longer follow the line of force, but will be confined to remonstrance and entreaty. That this freedom will be abused by some, that liberty will be written license, is of course inevitable; but it will be for the women to see to it that the abuses are comparatively few and shortlived, and that the change is so made as to ensure the continued intellectual and moral development of humanity.

IN THE KEY OF BLUE

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

THE wintry room is blue,
Gilded with daffodils:
I nurse the long day through
Loneliness nothing stills.

The winter dusk is blue,
With golden lamps beset:
I grieve the hours through
Unwilling to forget.

The cold night sky is blue,
Sown with gold dust of stars:
Strength has suffused me through—
The steady red of Mars.

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LIFE'S PRIMAL ARCHITECTS

E. DOUGLAS HUME

"The microzymian theory of the living organization is to biology what the Lavoisierian theory of matter is to chemistry."—A. BÉCHAMP

TWO creations of man's ingenuity have dealt the chief blow to his self-conceit by their revelation of the smallness of his sphere of activity. On the one hand, the telescope has shown him an immensity so indescribably vast that his own solar system is said to bear no greater ratio to the visible universe than one drop of water to all the oceans and seas of this planet. On the other hand, the microscope has betrayed a world of life as immeasurable as the world of stars in its limitless infinity.

Curiosity as to life and its sources was intensified when, by means of the microscope, Athanasius Kircher detected, and later the Dutch lens-grinder, Leeuwenhoek, differentiated teeming legions of infinitesimal beings. As a natural consequence, the argument as to whether life could arise spontaneously, or whether it always traces to parent life, reasserted itself with fresh virility. Spontaneous generation, together with Van Helmont's recipe for creating mice, had been considerably disproved by the simple experiment of Francesco Redi, who, by protecting meat from flies, preserved it from the maggots, which had been believed to be inbred in it. Still, the discovery of microscopic hosts gave impetus to the belief that these might be self-made upstarts, so to speak, not the hereditary descendants of interminable ancestors. One might almost call it the plebeian view as opposed to the patrician.

Now, who is supposed to have proved incontestably that to be born at all, it is necessary, even for a micro-organism, to have a parent? Who is considered to have established the truth of Harvey's axiom—"*Omne vivum ex vivo*"? Nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand would, no doubt, exclaim with one voice—"Louis Pasteur!" And the thousandth might be Professor Charlton Bastian, who would affirm that the

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question has never been solved, and that inorganic matter is sufficient to breed microscopic entities shamelessly devoid of a pedigree.

The main object here is to try to show that for a nearer understanding of life's primal architects another scientist should be studied.

His name is Antoine Béchamp. His profession was that of a doctor, and his nationality French. Among the posts he held were those of Professor of Medical Chemistry and Pharmacy in the Department of Medicine at the University of Montpellier, and Professor of Organic and Biological Chemistry in the Department of Medicine in the Free University of Lille. He should claim the attention of worshippers of the renowned Pasteur as the originator of many of the ideas for which the French chemist reaped the honor and glory.

To turn, for instance, to the early work on ferments, we find (*Les Microzymas, by A. Béchamp, Avant-propos, pp. 10, 11, 12*) that as far back as 1857 Béchamp made important statements as to the fact of yeasts being ferments, and of their not being spontaneously produced, but having atmospheric germs for their origin. He also stated the effects of creosote, or carbolic acid, upon the fermentative action of micro-organisms, and so proved himself the founder of antisepsis. This communication appeared in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique* in September, 1858. Pasteur therefore subsequently accused Béchamp of having stolen the ideas from his *Memoir upon Lactic Fermentation,* which appeared in the same *Annales* in the month of April previously. But, as Béchamp asked, what was there for him to steal, for what was Pasteur's explanation at that time of the lactic phenomenon? It is to be found in his *Memoir.* "These globules (of the lactic ferment) take birth *spontaneously* in the depth of the albuminous liquid furnished by the soluble part of the yeast!" (*Annales de Chimie et de Physique, Troisième Série, T. LII, Avril 1858.*) This is certainly curious doctrine for the supposed discoverer of the fermentative work of atmospheric organisms and the vaunted disprover of the so-called myth of spontaneous generation. A study of the two scientists' communications, regarding the silkworm disease, in

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the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy of Sciences shows, in the same way, that Béchamp first gave the explanations that Pasteur subsequently appropriated.

Wearisome, however, is a debate as to rival claims in scientific discoveries. The attempt here made is not to glorify Béchamp at the expense of Pasteur, but simply to show that the doctor whose ideas could be of so much use to the famous chemist deserves attention in matters where his views differed vitally from those of his contemporary. And the object seems worth while, for should Antoine Béchamp be proved correct, he will have brought mankind a degree nearer understanding some of life's mysteries.

In the days when the two men lived, a battle waged hot as to whether substances such as flesh, blood, milk remained intact when preserved from all contact with the atmosphere. Pasteur, by claiming to prove that they did, and that air-borne organisms were needed to make them corrupt, has gained renown as the demolisher of the belief in spontaneous generation.

At his lecture at the Sorbonne on April 7th, 1864, he exclaimed with enthusiasm—"It (a putrescible liquid) is dumb, because I have kept it from the only thing man cannot produce, from the germs which float in the air, from Life, for Life is a germ and a germ is Life!"

What, then, about the living bodies of plants and animals? Is there no life in these? "The blood is the life" happens to be a quite common expression. Are the only creatures worth calling alive the invisible organisms at large in the atmosphere?

For the body Pasteur provided no explanation, except to compare it to a barrel of beer, and pronounce it, like that beverage, at the mercy of extraneous organisms. As these produce good or bad beer, a liquid diseased, as it were, or healthy, so on entering animal bodies, closed to them in conditions of health, they occasion disease, each after its own order. For, to the atmospheric germs, Pasteur consigned specific labors: it was a special ferment that soured milk, a special ferment that turned grape juice to wine, and wine to vinegar. As at that time definite organisms had been noticed in sick animals, particularly tiny rod-like bodies in cattle suffering from anthrax, it was assumed

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that these were caught from the atmosphere, and the doctrine became established of specific malignant germs, each dealing out its specific malady. Following upon the ideas of Kircher, Linné, and Raspail, Pasteur published his germ-theory of disease, the old demon-theory re-bound, and given out as a new edition. It only needed Professor Metchnikoff to follow and announce the leucocytes, the white corpuscles, as the police force of the body, and Sir Almroth Wright and Dr. Bulloch to assert the presence of opsonins, invisible relishes in the blood, for a delightfully simple theory to be set forth, comprehensible to the least intelligent.

Unfortunately, the world "and all that therein is" are the reverse of simple, and these crude explanations of disease find room for question at every standpoint. To begin with, the origin of malignant microscopic entities is left as an unexplained problem. If plague be caused by a bacillus, which passes into man through the flea from the rat, whence did the rat catch it? Also, if a specific organism produce a specific disease, why should its results differ in different species? Why, for instance, should the organism associated with anthrax cause splenic fever in cattle and pustules in human beings? The laboratory-made sicknesses of experimental work are not produced by organisms caught from the air, but are the products of substances removed from other bodies. The postulates of Koch, which formulate rules for the recognition of disease-germs, have been discountenanced by the latter's contradictory behavior. The very *Lancet* (March 20, 1909) has had to admit—"It must be acknowledged that all these postulates are complied with very rarely indeed, if ever." Association is being made more and more to account for misconduct on the part of micro-organisms. It is, in fact, as the Italian proverb puts it—"*meglio solo che male accompagnato*"—"better to be alone than in bad society."

And here it seems time to call Béchamp to the rescue.

During the course of his stupendous researches, the French doctor observed fermentative effects in all parts of living bodies. His work on yeasts had taught him that fermentation was nothing more than the chemical changes in their environment produced by living organisms through feeding and eliminative proc-

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esses. For this reason he had always combatted Pasteur's idea of a specific rôle being attached to a specific ferment, and maintained that, under changed circumstances, the achievement of a ferment might be different.

The fermentative effects he noticed in living bodies were often quite dissociated from the presence of bacteria. They gave him cause for reflection, being to him clear proof that all bodies were formed of infinitely minute living beings, all largely occupied, like ourselves, in the business of feeding. He understood why believers in spontaneous generation had never been satisfied by the explanation for all phenomena of the intrusion of air-borne organisms. There was life everywhere. Bodies of plants and animals alike were made up of living beings. Here the reason was seen for the necessity of the application of great heat, as well as preservation from atmospheric germs, in order to prevent change in putrescible substances. It was essential to kill the internal life, as well as guard against external.

Pasteur, himself, in one of his own experiments, described a piece of meat, kept air-proof, as yet having become *gamey*. This condition should have shown him that either his method had been faulty, or else that alteration can take place apart from air-borne organisms.

But, as a matter of fact, as Fremy, Béchamp, and his co-worker, Ester, at once pointed out, Pasteur, by his communication on vinous fermentation to the Academy of Sciences, on October 7, 1872, admitted that plants and animal matters contain naturally in themselves causes of fermentation. Indeed, he even went so far as to boast that this discovery of his had "opened a new path to physiology and medical pathology." (*Comptes Rendus, T. LXXV, p. 784 et suivant.*) It was when Béchamp and Ester proved him to be appropriating their discovery, made eight years previously (*Comptes Rendus, T. LXXV, pp. 1284, 1519, 1523, 1831*), that Pasteur appears to have relinquished the fact as well as the claim, and to have reverted to the doctrine of ascribing all fermentative processes to the effects of atmospheric organisms.

As Béchamp well argued, if living elements do not compose all life, vegetable and animal, there can be no truth in Harvey's

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affirmation—"*Omne vivum ex vivo.*" Unless a body, instead of being an inert chemical mass, is a colony of living beings, proceeding from others, where is the disproof of spontaneous generation? But the middle of the nineteenth century found scientific thought agog for the production of life artificially. Belief in the importance of the cell wall gave place to the importance ascribed to protoplasm, which was thought to be a chemical compound of possible manufacture in the laboratory.

What, on the contrary, was Béchamp's explanation? What did he teach at a time when there was a more or less general acceptance of Virchow's view of the cell as the structural unit of life, or, so to speak, the primary individual?

The Professor of Montpellier affirmed the cell to be no more than a transitory object, built up by the true entities found within it, the molecular granulations, already perceived by other observers, but for the most part left unexplained. To these he gave the name of microzymas, or minute organisms, productive of fermentation. These are the same particles now known as microsomes (Hanstein, 1882) of which in a modern text-book (*The Cell in Development and Inheritance,* by Edmund B. Wilson, Ph. D.) it is stated—"Their behavior is in some cases such as to have led to the hypothesis long since suggested by Henle (1841) and at a later period developed by Béchamp and Ester, and especially by Altmann, that microsomes are actually units or bioblasts, capable of assimilation, growth and division, and hence to be regarded as elementary units of structure, standing between the cell and the ultimate molecules of living matter" (p. 21).

They are the minute granules that mark the honeycomb structure of the cell and the cell-nucleus, and have been distinguished as chromatin, owing to the deep shade they take when stained for observation under the microscope. Before the division of the cell-nucleus takes place, that amazing process of cell-multiplication, the chromatin granules assume the appearance of a thread, which breaks into pieces known as chromosomes. These subdivide lengthwise during cell-cleavage, thus providing each derivative cell with an equal number of what are supposed to be the prime factors of new life and the transmitters of

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heredity. And this same modern teaching was also that of Professor Béchamp so long ago as the middle of the nineteenth century, before the microscope had revealed the mysteries of karyokinesis, or, in simpler words, cell-cleavage.

Altmann agrees with Béchamp in considering the molecular granulation to be organized, living, and endowed with activity; but disagrees about the formation of cells from these granulations, or microzymas. He writes (*Die Elementarorganismen, p. 134*)—"Since Schleiden and Schwann demonstrated the forming of substances from cells, no weightier fact has been made known than that each cell always arises from a cell."

But the facts of one age become the uncertainties of another, and nowadays there exists a weakening of the whole cell doctrine. For instance, on page 139 of his *Story of Life's Mechanism,* Conn refers to the change of thought brought about by one series of observations. "It had been assumed that the body of the multicellular animal or plant was made of independent units." But now—"The claim has been made that there is a protoplasmic connection between all the cells of the body of the animal, and that thus the animal or plant, instead of consisting of a large number of separate independent cells, consists of one great mass of living matter which is aggregated into little centres, each commonly holding a nucleus. Such a conclusion is not yet demonstrated, nor is its significance very clear should it prove to be a fact; but it is plain that such suggestions quite decidedly modify the conception of the body as a community of independent cells."

And so, if this be true, Altmann may have inquired vainly—"How can a granulum arise without its cell?" (*Die Elementarorganismen, p. 135.*) Béchamp may be proved right in asserting—"Every living being is reducible to the microzyma." (*Les Microzymas, p. 925.*) Altmann may yet be proved wrong in his contradiction of Béchamp's contention that processes of putrefaction are partially wrought by the molecular granulations themselves, which, upon the corruption of the body that formed their habitat, are freed to the soil and the air, and are themselves, either in their infinitesimal form, or else in larger shapes as bacteria, the ferments that play so great a rôle in life,

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and for which the orthodox school of bacteriology provides no explanation. All the micro-organisms that teem in the air, the ground, the rocks, are, according to Béchamp, the remains of animal and vegetable matter. And, as though in proof, not only do bacteria abound wherever decaying plant or animal life is found, but also is their scarcity equally marked wherever such life is wanting, whether on the bleak tops of a high mountain range, or the sterile tracts of the arid desert.

Here we have reached Béchamp's most outstanding discovery. The birth of bacteria is from *within*. These tiny beings are nothing more or less than the evolutionary forms of life's primal architects, the cell's indwelling miscrosomes. "The cell," he wrote (*Les Microzymas, Appendix, p. 972*), "is a collection of an infinite number of little beings, which have an independent life, a special natural history. We have followed the complete course of this natural history. We have seen the microzymas of animal cells associate two by two, or in larger numbers, and extend themselves into bacteria."

This idea was certainly antagonistic to Altmann, who quotes experiments of Meissner, Hauser, and others, as disproving the theory. But the disproval seems only to rest upon the impossibility of growing the elements of the cell apart from the cell in a culture. Fortunately nature is not handicapped by man's difficulties.

Plants and eggs were included among the host of observations that gave rise to Béchamp's belief in the evolution of microsomes into bacteria. During a hard winter at Montpellier he examined various plants (*Les Microzymas, p. 141, etc.*) and found bacteria teeming in the parts that were frozen, and cells with their granules in the normal state in the parts untouched by frost. Yet the outer surface showed no lesion, and, as in the case of the *echinocactus,* this outer surface is extremely hard and resistant. How then, he argued, could internal bacteria be accounted for by the intrusion of air-borne organisms?

The fermentation of eggs is a puzzle, which the germ-theorist professes to solve by declaring the shell not to be impenetrable to external bacteria. And when impenetrability is absolutely assured by artificial means, and yet change, though in a

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much lesser degree, takes place, he is driven to fall back on Pasteur's explanation that germs originally penetrated into the hen's oviduct. Béchamp, on the contrary, showed that the causes which, under good conditions, produce the chicken, are the same which, under wrong conditions, give rise to fermentation and eventually rottenness, and that these are the microsomes, or, as he named them, the microzymas.

Without calling into account Professor Charlton Bastian's belief in the production of organized beings from inorganic matter, some of his experiments may be explained in the light of Béchamp's theory. His observations upon bacteria in internal animal organs and in fruit and vegetables (*The Nature and Origin of Living Matter*) may well be compared with similar observations of Professor Béchamp's (*Les Microzymas*). Both experimenters demonstrate the insufficiency of extraneous germs in the explanation of the phenomena.

In 1869, Béchamp stated—"In typhoid fever, in gangrene, in anthrax, the existence has been proved of bacteria in the tissues and in the blood, and one was very much disposed to view there a case of ordinary parasitism. It is evident after what we have said, that instead of maintaining that the affection has had as its origin and cause the introduction into the organism of foreign germs with their consecutive action, that one should affirm that one only has to do with a deviation of the functions of microzymas, a deviation indicated by the change that has operated in their form" (*Comptes Rendus, T. LXXV, p. 1525*). "In the cases where bacteria have been noted in the blood, it is not a case of ordinary parasitism, but rather of the abnormal development of constant and normal organisms. The bacteria, far from being the cause, are, on the contrary, the effect of the malady" (*Comptes Rendus, T. LXVI, p. 863*).

In regard to the most infectious of bodily ailments, an interesting comment on Béchamp's views has been passed by Dr. Walter R. Hadwen. He says—"In most of the diseases that produce a definite effect upon the skin—measles, scarlet fever, chickenpox, smallpox—no micro-organism can be discovered. The changes in the cells appear all to take place on the *surface*, and so no cell-changes take place in the internal tissues."

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"Normal air never contains morbid microzymas" (*The Blood, by A. Béchamp, Dr. Leverson's translation, Pref. p. 54*). These are the good tidings to calm the fears of the nervous. The little goblin "microbe" has been accused unnecessarily; and bodies are *not* the prey of malign roving enemies.

In certain instances, on close contact, morbid organisms may apparently be deleterious. "You must not forget that sickness having come about, you should not wait, but go immediately to the succor of the microzyma to help to bring it back to its normal condition; for, having become decidedly morbid, it can, on issuing from the sick man or animal, communicate the sickness in itself to the man or the animal, each after his own species; you must not forget finally that art possesses the means of rendering the morbid microzyma inoffensive, and that it becomes so naturally, thanks to the foresight that has endowed it with the power of changing function" (*Les Microzymas, p. 924*). As usual we find the microcosm in the macrocosm; and, as with us, so with our primal factors, well-being depends upon heredity, environment, and dietetics; while bad company may play some part in the sense of the demoralizing effect of bad companionship.

"Disease is born of us and in us," wrote Béchamp, "and that is as it should be, because the life of man, and of every other creature, is no more delivered over to chance than the course of the stars; now, it is to deliver it over to chance to maintain that it depends upon a primitive microbic panspermy created for destructive purposes" (*Les Microzymas, p. 804*).

If in us and of us disease be bred, in us and of us health could undoubtedly equally well arise by attention to the well-being of the infinitesimal entities that build up our bodies and compose our lives, which, in short, may be known as life's primal architects. Right eating, right drinking, right breathing, right thinking are essential to these; and the last-mentioned necessity may make us pause for a moment. For, when all is said and done, could Professor Béchamp's microscope, or the most powerful lens of the present day, ever hope to pry into the primal entity of life, the first individual unit of organized existence? Far beyond all searching in its minuteness must such an element be, and well does August Weismann, in his *Germ-Plasm: a*

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Theory of Heredity, write—"We are thus reminded afresh that we have to deal not only with the infinitely great, but also with the infinitely small; the idea of size is a purely relative one, and on either hand extends infinity" (p. 468).

Since from such infinitesimal beginnings the brain of a Newton, the music of a Beethoven, the beauty of a Lady Hamilton are evolved, we find ourselves reconsidering the Platonic theory of Ideation. In suggestion, life's secret would seem to lie, and the primal architect of all be reduced to a thought-form. So the relation of thought to health and disease appears to be not without scientific basis, and the physical to revert to the metaphysical. The ancient Vedic teaching is found afresh—"The whole of the universe is evolved through *Sankalpa* (thought or ideation) alone; it is only through *Sankalpa* that the universe retains its appearance" (*The Varaha Upanishad of Krishna-Vajur Veda*).

And so "the eternal thought in the eternal mind" (Bhagavad-Gita) precludes the disseverance of the thought from the thinker. If, on the one hand, man, in deep humility, realizes himself a pygmy in an incomprehensible universe, on the other hand, his consciousness of his oneness with the stupendous whole finds him appalled by his dignity, and the possibilities of his amazing destiny. Thus, in groping towards the mystery of life's primal architects, there may be dimly discerned that unity of Creator and created, which, in the oldest philosophic teachings in the world, found voice in the triumphant cry of faith of the Vedic utterance—"That supreme Brahman, the self of all, the great abode of the universe, subtler than the subtle, the Eternal, That is thyself, and thou art That!" (*Kaivalya Upanishad.*)

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THE PHARISEE

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

TWO men went up into God's place to pray,
The one a Pharisee. He stood apart.
Evening in flight had dropped immortal flowers
Of sunset bloom. The quiet city lay
Like a pale gem beneath a night of stars,
And no sound rose.
Besought the Pharisee,
Beating his head upon the marble wall,
"God, God, I thank Thee for this bitterness;
I thank Thee that, in anguish, I am lift
Above my fellows, that Thou choosest me
For throes that rend no other, that Thou givest
An awful and peculiar agony
Such as *One* only bore. I thank Thee, God!"
Then, as he prayed, he listened to the sobs
Heaving up from his soul, counted the tears
That burned upon his face, and held his woe
Supreme!
The other knelt, a Publican,
In sober dress and common attitude.
He prayed, "Ah, stern Jehovah, Thou dost take
My self-belief, my courage and my joy,
Even mine inmost treasure, secret love!
I bow to Thy decree. Mayhap, Thy sword
Smites with like heaviness this desolate man
Beside me. We are brothers in despair.
Am I then isolate before Thy wrath?
Am I then all alone with agony?
Behold, Thy pitiless, ironic word
Brands us alike, the mighty Pharisee
And the poor blinded, weeping Publican!"

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CRYING FOR THE MOON

A Journal Entry

BRUCE F. CUMMINGS

FOR the past few days I have been suffering from a horrible feeling of compression. I have been struggling in vain to embrace a larger sphere of intellectual activity—to expand in spite of the stubborn elasticity of my mental bag which more than once has approached bursting point.

The affair began with some illustrated booklets on trips to Norway, wherein I saw pictures of beautiful places the very existence of which had never before entered my consciousness.

"How ghastly," I said to myself almost in anguish, "that here I am forced to go on day by day frittering away my life as a grocer's assistant in London—in England—when all the planet beyond remains unexplored by me." Surely it is a perfectly natural desire in a human being on first fully awakening to full consciousness of his amazing situation to set out forthwith to explore the island planet in which he is marooned? For my part I became eager—too eager for my peace of mind—to explore every nook and cranny on the face of the globe, so that before death came I could say that I had had the intelligent interest and curiosity at least to inspect it superficially.

But I did not wish to end there. After traversing the earth and seeing all manner of mountains, rivers, plains, deserts and fauna, all manner of peoples and of human lives, and experiencing all manner of climates, I was big with desire to settle down quietly and study—to fill out my superficial survey with all the available human knowledge, to make myself acquainted with everything that men had ever found out about the earth.

Botany, my favorite science, of course offered itself at once as a point at which to begin. I longed for more botany. Yet my zest recoiled upon itself when I recognized how hopelessly incapable my brain was of sustaining the avalanche of new facts and ideas I wished to cast upon it. I turned over the pages of the *Botanische Anzeiger* and read a few papers greedily.

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Then realizing that there were fifty or sixty more papers in it of equal interest and fifty or sixty more volumes of the *Anzeiger,* all containing for me, a botanist, researches and studies of deep fascination—I turned over a few more pages listlessly, read a few more titles and closed the book. . . . It was no use. I must curb my appetite.

I sat back in my chair and mused. . . . Botany alone was sufficient to baulk my puny endeavors. How hopeless it all seemed! Man is given the hunger for knowledge, but not the mechanical capacity in nerve cells to gratify it. He is "avid of all dominion and all mightiness," but is forced to spend his days as a grocer's assistant. I am not capable of doing much else. Yet I want not only unlimited botany, but astronomy, physics, chemistry, and all the sciences. I want to explore all knowledge. I have developed again all the accursed thirst for knowledge which in my early days undermined my health and spoilt my eyesight. Surely it is a perfectly natural desire in a human being on waking up in a wonderful world to proceed at once to find out all that is known about it to date!

My sails fluttered loosely in the winds of desire for a moment, then I was caught up and blown on into fresh excesses.

This time it was the picture of a beautiful woman I noticed in the morning paper. The beautiful neck, the perfectly bowed lips and the grieving eyes simply intoxicated me. I went on glancing at the news, every now and then returning to rest my eyes on Lady Winifred, experiencing every time that I did it a very rueful petulance. What manner of man could he possibly be, I said, who would dare, perhaps nonchalantly, to seek in marriage the hand of such a divinity? I became envious of the fortunate gentleman, whoever he was. I did not like to face the obvious fact that such a prize could never be mine. I knew that even if it could, such a prize falls to the lot of a man but once. Yet there are a thousand beautiful women with beautiful souls whom I could never know and never love.

The glamour of her noble birth, I think, fired my imagination and made me think of social vortices outside my knowledge. I should like to be an aristocrat for a while. How difficult it seems to remain content with my own small portion as grocer's

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assistant, my own little circumscribed life behind the counter and the dire necessity of having to remain myself, of having to see life always with my own spectacles all through life's tour. I desire to have the experiences of a hundred different lives in different classes, circles, professions, trades, occupations, to test and try every kind of life, to sum the series of human experiences.

Coming home in the omnibus, I caught the London fever. So many people stimulated my lust for life. I obtained a splendid exhilaration from watching the London streets. The bustle and furore invigorated me. I longed to dash down in the middle of it and go the pace. Here was a man in a silk hat and evening dress, stepping into his car from his club, here a man selling mechanical toys, here some laughing girls dashing across the road and enjoying themselves, here a woman with paralysis begging, and here a newsvendor telling me of a "Dramatic Story—Lost Pearl Necklace," while always everywhere I saw people walking, riding, driving in cabs and 'buses, hurrying, talking, frowning, smiling as if the whole world were tacitly engaged upon the same mysterious undertaking. I felt like climbing down and beseeching some one to tell me what it was.

In the evening I went to the Palace to see Anna Pavlowa dance. I was amazed not so much at the dancing but at the fact that here was a woman—strange, delicate, lissome, spirituelle—leading a life quite unsuspected and unimagined by me—a life consisting of the daily pleasure of beautiful eurhythmic motions, and the satisfaction of delighting crowd after crowd who came night after night and clapped and sent her bouquets.

Oh! how I sympathized with the child who keeps saying to its mother: "I want to be a soldier," "I wish I were an engine driver," "I want to be an actor." It is only when we grow up that we are fools enough to go on our way satisfied with our own little perspectives. I wanted to be Anna for a night or two. I wanted to luxuriate in the stillness which comes upon an audience when the orator waits a few moments before continuing his words,—with Stevenson I wished for the excitement of a colonel leading his men at a gallop to the charge, sword over head; I envied Pasteur the moment when he rushed out of his laboratory crying, "Tout est trouvé." I mused upon the feelings of a

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literary genius at the great moment when he writes "Finis" at the end of a book which, with the self-knowledge of genius, he knows to be a masterpiece.

I am passing through the world swiftly and have only time to live my own life. I am cut off by my own limitations and environment from knowing much or understanding much. I know nothing of literature and the drama; I have but little ear for music. I do not understand art. All these things are closed to me. I am passing swiftly along the course of my life with many others whom I shall never meet. How many dear friends and kindred spirits remain undiscovered among that number? Those that come up to the counter are but units in a vast population. There is no time for any of these things. Everything and everyone is swept along in the hustling current. Oh! to sun ourselves awhile in the water meadows before dropping over the falls! The real tragedies in this world are not the things which happen to us, but the things which don't happen.

Life and the world to me were a royal banquet at which I could have only a snack. I must needs see this beautiful earth for a few short years from one centre of intelligence and one viewpoint,—my own. What man can ever know what it is to be a woman—particularly a beautiful woman? We are born male and female, and as we are born so we die. And what of those extraordinary beings we read of in Kipling and Balzac whose existence till we happen to meet one of them seems to be incredible fiction? In how great a measure must our conception of life fail in reality in proportion as we omit these?

The imagination helps a man a little to get outside the limits of his own existence. But the imagination gives only a ghost-like reflection of actualities—sufficient however to inform us clearly of the poverty of the experiences which we sense—as few and poor as our finite, isolated natures let through the veil of the flesh. Books help a little, but experience through books is second hand. Conversation with all manner of people helps a little. But it brings us only knowledge by report.

Even so, there are things which are forever lost to human experience—things of which we can never read in books nor hear by the report of a friend, and which we scarcely dare to

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imagine—lost continents (Lemuria and Atlantis), lost masterpieces (the books burnt at Alexandria), and lost personalities. How can a man recover to the satisfaction of a tingling curiosity his own babyhood and childhood or the comedies and tragedies, the personalities of and the accidents to his own immediate forbears? Some men cannot recollect their own father and mother. Few men show much desire to discuss their grandmothers.

When a man grows old, particularly, he is so absorbed in the present that he becomes disloyal to the past and literally *forgets himself*. He no longer remembers what it is to be a child or a youth; he has forgotten most of the facts and incidents in his life which moulded him and made him what he is. All these things are lost—utterly lost, as few other things can be. And when he dies, even if he be a great man and biographers jostle each other in the race to turn out volumes on his life, not a library of books can possibly recreate a personality or materialize a spirit. Life flows away like a river into the sands of time. You cannot catch it in a sieve, nor bottle sunshine. As Herakleitus first said, "We can never bathe in the same river twice."

How I loathe those happy folk—there are millions of them, all detestable—who with a terrible self-complacency go on revolving around the centres of their own souls, perfectly satisfied with that situation in life to which—to use their own smug phrase—it has pleased God to call them; people who have no envy and no malice, who have never coveted their neighbor's ox nor his wife, and who believe out of ignorance and lack of imagination rather than out of conceit that their own life contains everything to be desired. They are fat, greasy and smug. But their smugness is not the philosophical smugness of Marcus Aurelius. They have no philosophy. They are too happy and pleased with themselves to need one. Marcus Aurelius developed his philosophy of resignation because he feared to desire fearlessly the things he knew he would desire in vain. He put forth his tentacles and drew them in again. He shrank from life, not because he did not love it, but because he loved it too well; not because he had no desires, but because he had too

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many. It was his *reaction,* as a biologist would say. The other people have no reaction because life gives them no stimulus. Theirs is not resignation after a struggle; it is contentment without one. Only very occasionally do the self-complacent harbor a suspicion that possibly all is not well, just for a few fleeting seconds while some unpleasant person like myself pulls them by the nose, making the ugly suggestion that perhaps they could not really write a novel as well as the other man they criticise, that perhaps life would be the tiniest bit fuller if they understood art or loved music, that doing the thing that is nearest is easy and always dull, that their cherished views on Church and State after all may be a little questionable, that things may not be what they seem, that life to some is difficult, that men do starve and commit murder and rape, that God may not always be in His Heaven nor everything right with the world.

Another type of being I have in mind falls neither within that of the self-complacent nor the philosophically resigned. I mean the type of those neurotic intellectuals who welcomed in Baudelaire a new *frisson.* How could they be capable of such *ennui*—as if they had sounded the very depths and soared to the very heights and compassed everything! They assumed that because their fierce thirst had dried up their own wells, life held no more water;—I could understand a complaint that they were in such case forbidden to drink any more. They were like men dying of inanition in a land of plenty or of thirst in a well-watered country. Lucky for them that although like petulant children who had finished their meal they indeed cried for more cake, yet they were ignorant of the cupboard stores and fondly imagined there was no more cake in the whole wide world!

As for myself, I am neither bored, self-complacent nor resigned. I am a plunger. I cannot timidly sigh, "Thy will be done." Better surely to die spluttering beneath a pile of vain hopes than with the sickly imperturbable smile of the comfortable person. It is better to have hoped in vain than never to have hoped at all.

This afternoon I have had tea in an old-fashioned garden of an old-fashioned Hertfordshire inn. While I was drinking tea, the innkeeper came out from a fowl run and turning round

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toward me slammed the gate, calling, "Are you getting on alr——?" Silence. He had caught in the wicket gate the neck of a fowl which had followed him. It was dead at once, and he handed it over to the boy to pluck. No mistake, this is a "jolly vivid" world,—with bombardments, submarine raids, sea-fights; battle, murder and sudden death everywhere; assassinations and prosaic starvation; and a fowl in Hertfordshire killed in a moment between a gate and plucked ready for cooking!

Shortly after leaving the inn, I walked up the hill and came to a field full of acres of poppies. The sun was going down and the gypsies slept. Of a truth a "jolly vivid world!" To plunge into that scarlet crowd, to bathe in the color, to crush the crisp green stalks between the teeth—to drown!

How well I recollect years ago as a little boy waking up one morning to find, for the first time in my life, the snow covering the ground. I was ravished! I went out into the field at the back of the house and for a moment regarded the snow, immobile, with a pinched, serious little face. Then I gave way, stretched myself out flat on it and rolled over and over and over gurgling with joy. The next day I was home from school with a touch of bronchitis, and my face was perhaps a little paler and more wondering. But I have burnt my fingers often since—in a field of poppies, in a library or among girls—plunging always. Of a truth a "jolly vivid" world! and full of luscious, ruddy things.

I am acutely sensitive to the fact that others are tasting more of them than I.

I have just been wandering about looking gloomily out of the windows of my prison of flesh and wishing to be whisked away like a spirit into all kinds of places, lives, knowledge and love. Being a separate and isolated creature makes me sick at heart. I am not content with living my own life. I could use up fifty lives at least.

I should like to accompany others in living their lives—particularly the lives of those whom I love. I could feel all the pain at parting from friends in a new way. This centrifugal force of the spirit must lie at the bottom of the little pain felt in

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saying "good-bye" even to acquaintances. Something snaps when we bid "adieu" to a man we know—or even when we leave a tramcar or a railway carriage after making ten minutes' silent acquaintanceship with five or six dull, uninteresting yet human beings.

I can see the gentleman with red cheeks and large biceps flinging at this the epithet "sentimental," as if he were flinging a stone. But he does not understand. How should he? Large biceps and red cheeks are not without their disadvantages. I do affirm that the most commonplace farewells for me focus the attention all at once upon the mystery and magic of our existence and separated lives. It comes as an abrupt reminder of our ignorance of the future and our dependence upon outside forces. We feel a helplessness as creatures swept across a limitless ocean by currents, each alone in his own little boat, even though the boats keep together for a while and we shout to each other across the water. After a day of homely pleasures, when we have been immersed in the little soothing commonplaces of daily life, we are at once made to confront the great mystery which lies everywhere around us and which—look where we will—is ever ready to catch the eye and compel the attention—as soon as it is time to get up and say "good-bye." We may try to avoid it as much as we may. We may smoke a cigarette and drink a glass of wine, play cards and tell a funny story; but we all know, though we never mention it, that each of us has a skeleton in his closet—the skeleton of Death and the Unknown.

A dark night with stars but no moon, tall trees—dusky gaunt forms—on each side of a hill road. Everything is silent. I feel solitary and pleasurably sad. Suddenly a train dashes along the valley below. I look over the hedge and gaze at the lighted windows of the train as it sails around a bend in the valley like a phosphorescent caterpillar. . . . Who are those that are travelling in it and whither are they going? I do not know. God knows, I suppose, but I must continue my solitary way, catching sight now and then of a cottage window light in between the trees.

Everywhere one can see human love trying to overcome time, distance and separation, trying to draw together the threads

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of isolated lives. If I enter a friend's house, I see on the mantelpiece photographs of folk I met last week hundreds of miles away—they are cousins or relations or friends. I say to myself with an infinite relish for the mysteries of time and place, "Dear me, last week, this time, I was hundreds of miles away" —in Timbuctoo or the Andaman Islands,—wherever they may happen to be.

After a day spent in London—in "all the uproar and the press," in 'bus riding and train catching, with a literary friend at lunch and tea in an A.B.C. shop with all its variegated life—I arrive toward evening at a village thirty miles in the country and enter a baker's shop for a loaf of bread for my supper. There is the baker, fat, bald and sleepy—waiting for me. He has been waiting there all day—for weeks past—perhaps all his life! He hands me the loaf, our courses touch and then we sweep away again out into the infinite. What would he say if I told him his life was a beautiful parabolic curve?

Last year about this time, armed with a letter of introduction, I called upon a professor of botany who happened to be out. I was inadvertently shown by the servant girl into a drawing-room where a little boy lay on a rug sound asleep, with his head framed in one arm and his curls hanging loosely down over his face. I looked down upon his beautiful little form and upon his handsome face and marvelled. He never stirred and I stepped softly from the room and never saw him again. Life is full of such magic. Every such experience means a little bitter-sweet sorrow. For it means pain to be a separate lonely unit, a disrupted chip of the universe. The gregarious nature of man is not simply a fact of natural history. It is the expression of a deep religious desire for oneness in which alone we can sink down to rest.

I nowhere obtained a more vivid impression of my own isolation than when walking the other evening in the country where I was staying, I turned toward home and caught sight up the road of the little cottage where I lodged. I noted the room with the open lattice window where I had been sleeping and where I was to sleep, and I considered how that at night when everything was in darkness and no one stirred all that there was of me

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would be found unconscious in a bed, beneath that little roof, within that small cottage which stood beneath the stars like millions of other cottages scattered over the countryside. By day I was alive and moving about, my ego was radiating forth, absorbing, soaking up my environment so that I became a larger being with a larger ego. By night I shrank to a spot. The thought made me catch my breath.

The loneliness of life is sometimes appalling! There is the loneliness known to most when in moments of exaltation a man feels genius stir within him like a child in the womb of its mother, and knows that he cannot express himself. He wishes to embrace the whole world and yet cannot stir a limb; he wishes to tell the whole world his good tidings and draw it to himself, yet he cannot utter a sound. In all great crises we are alone. The greatest things are incommunicable. I was once walking on the sands by the sea when a great wave of joyfulness swept across me. I stood upon a rock and waved my stick about and sang. I wanted the sands to be crowded with a great male voice chorus—hundreds of thousands of men—so many that there should be no standing room for more. I imagined myself standing above them, a physical and musical Titan on the top of a high mountain as high as Mont Blanc, conducting with a bâton as large as a barge pole. The breakers would boom an accompaniment, but the chorus would be heard above everything else and even God Himself would turn from schemes for new planets (and less hopeless ones than this) to fling a regret for injustice done to a spirited people!

So in the crises of pain you are alone. If you have a cold in the head you can tell your friend and he condoles with you. But if you develop an incurable disease, it is impossible for your closest friend to offer his paltry sympathy. It would be impertinent for him to offer a remark when the mills of God have once caught you and begun to grind you out. It is an affair beyond man's scope. Man cannot presume on God. Similarly in crises of the mind and heart. At the time you cannot utter your misery. And afterwards, you are glad to be finished with it, and so no one knows.

But we are alone not only in crises. We are really alone in

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the ordinary thoughts and emotions of every day: the simplest movements of the soul are incommunicable. A recent writer says, and says truly, " By no Art may the Ego be made manifest even to itself." So that we are lonely even in ourselves and strangers to ourselves, so that I echo with enthusiasm Balzac's remark that nothing interested him so much as himself.

There is a deep-lying desire in most of us to be immanent in all life. I regret I was not alive in the days of ancient Rome. To have been non-existent and unconsidered in such great affairs stings me sharply! I seem to be a sort of serious village idiot whose desire to help is viewed with smiles or friendly tolerance, or else is simply ignored—an energetic fly on a great wheel, puling out remonstrances because he isn't the engineer.

I am piqued because I was not a witness of the gambollings of Dinosaurs and Pterodactyls. Yet I lay unthought of in the womb of a mother whose species was still unevolved. God does not appear to have taken me into consideration at all. In fact it is hard to bring myself to believe that men lived so long ago in Rome, Carthage, Babylon, Nineveh, just as we are now alive, or that there ever really existed such things as Pterodactyls and Dinosaurs. I am taught to believe such things, but where is the man who really knows? I am in love with life and can hardly believe it, just as a man in love with a woman can scarcely believe that she was in the world before he knew her. We are informed that every reason is in favor of the earth being round, but no one has actually *seen* that it is round. We believe theoretically in the millions of beings who inhabit China, but the existence of so many people is part of no one's real knowledge. We are unable to realize truly the few millions of people that live with us in the city of London. No one but Jesus Christ could have wept over a whole town. The ordinary man's compassion is too little. If Xerxes really wept over his army, he was a great soul.

The mind comprehends only the inmates of his own drawing-room, his own household or his little circle of friends. That is the real world—even of the large-souled Mrs. Jellyby! The world beyond—the heathen of the Dark Continent—must be accepted just as a corollary. It is a little shock of surprise, not

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unmingled with regret, every time I leave home and wander abroad, to see thousands of other people like myself scurrying like rabbits over the earth's surface. They upset my equilibrium. I come tumbling down into the guise of a mere unit of the population. As I near home once more, I grow big again—like Alice—until once again in the family circle I assume my original dimensions,—very comfortable it is, too.

The world is "so full of a number of things"—there are so many blades of grass, such a prodigious quantity of leaves on the trees and so many—far too many—stars in the sky. Their quantity depresses me. If there were but one of each sort it would be easy to understand the ingenuous enthusiasm of the man of science, who even as it is realizes and never ceases to insist that the study which a man may devote to but a single creature is infinite. How depressing!

Perhaps, all our knowledge and experience is a stupendous dream. Matter may be non-existent and time and space categories in which to think as those deep and entertaining men, the philosophers, tell us. Yet the distilled water of philosophical speculation is a poor substitute for the wine of life, vivid and ruddy. For I should like to be alive continuously—now that I have at length a footing in this ramshackle world—to watch developments, to see revolutions and evolutions, above all the climax, whatever that may be. I am glad to have been alive, to have known how the *Titanic* and the *Empress of Ireland* went down and how Scott died in the Antarctic. I am happy at the thought that I have lived to see men fly like birds over the country and to read the poems of Francis Thomson. We live in extremely interesting times, but how will things fadge in the future? When will socialism come? What will biology do with evolution? Who will be the next world-genius? Yet in a little while I know I shall be dead and probably as unconscious and unconsidered as before—a heap of ashes within four rotten planks.

The future has a fascination for me which I cannot resist. I take a gambler's feverish interest in it. Life is as exciting as a game of cards or a holiday at Monte Carlo. We turn up each day like a card and if we are optimists expect it to be the ace of

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trumps. Each day brings with it a piece of the unknown and each evening we have definitely annexed a piece of what in the morning was unknowable. When a man dies, it is a shock. Yet there is always the satisfaction of knowing that the end came in such a manner and on such a day. A man sets out to accomplish some great task, to portray the human comedy (Balzac) or to write the history of the Roman Empire (Gibbon). Day follows day and carries him a stage nearer the desired end. "Shall I finish it?" he asks himself, and strains his eyes peering into the future in vain. He labors on with all the intense excitement of a race but with none of its bustle, till the last day comes and he writes "finis" with a sigh and drops his pen. It is an eerie business—exploring the tortuous galleries of time.

As I finish writing this entry in front of my window, the sun is going down. I review my desires as they come crowding past! I have searched every quarter of my existence and everywhere I have found more and more desires for life. I turn them out and they join in the procession. I watch it, brooding —hand on cheek like Carlyle,—until in a final birth-throe a final desire is brought forth—consummating all the others!—I desire to draw together all the knowledge of the world, past, present and future, and to be conscious of it in a single simultaneous phenomenon just as soon as a signal such as the fall of a hammer on an anvil should be given to me. . . . It was simply impious! But, surely, if ever, it would be then, in that moment, that the meaning of the universe would stand revealed and the craving for the intellectual satisfaction of final and complete knowledge would abate. I should at length understand the inscrutable silence of a calm summer afternoon when butterflies flit noiselessly over the bracken and the mystic trinity of sea, sky and rock is enough to strangle thought even in Spinoza. I should know the meaning of the beautiful starry night when the new moon hangs like a hieroglyph in the sky, I should look upon beautiful human faces and understand. I should drink my fill of beauty and have no longer any dread of finding at the bottom of the cup the ghostlike enigma that haunts all beautiful things. The world would be beautiful—and intelligible as well. I should breathe a sigh and rest—in Paradise! The loss of one's per-

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sonal immortality or personal identity would be a small price to pay for such an immeasurable gain.

But vain imaginings all these!—leaving me torn, *déchiré,* blinded! In the impious desire to know and feel everything from the beginning to the end, to be immanent in everything, I was climbing up the battlements toward eternity. The Olympians seeing me down in the distance very properly cast me back into the pit of mortal life—just as they cast Satan, the apostate angel, out of Heaven. Satan was a lucky devil: he carried down with him at least the memory of Heaven.

So be it, then. Let me return to my mosses and groceries. In fact, the man who on seeing before him, fresh and brilliant, a plant—the scarlet pimpernel—or a worm—the mullein moth caterpillar—still continues in pain and anguish to cry for the moon, would be scarcely human. Give me the man who will surrender the whole world for a moss or a caterpillar, and impracticable visions for a simple human delight. I prefer Richard Jefferies to Swedenborg and Oscar Wilde to Thomas à Kempis.

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HIGHBROW AND LOWBROW

VAN WYCK BROOKS

"The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends."—TIMON OF ATHENS

AT the time when he was trying to release humanity from the cross of gold on which, as he said, it was crucified, the Apostle of Free Silver announced that the opinion of all the professors in the United States would not affect his opinions in the least. Now that, plainly, was a very odd state of affairs. On the one hand we had a body of supposed experts in economic theory, on the other a man whose profession it was to change and reform economic practice—the one knowing, the other doing; and we found that not only was there apparently no compatibility between them, but that an openly avowed and cynical contempt of theory on the part of practice was a principal element in the popularity of a popular hero. But was Mr. Bryan to blame for it? To know anything of the sort of economic theory which is taught in American universities—in many cases compulsorily taught—is to confess that blame is not the right word. For this economic theory is at the least equally cynical. It revolves round and round in its treetop dream of the economic man; and no matter how much the wind blows political economy never comes down. Incompatibility, mutual contempt between theory and practice, is in the very nature of things.

One might extend the illustration to literature, merely substituting one professor for another and putting any typical best-selling novelist in the place of Mr. Bryan. It is a peculiar twist in the academic mind to suppose that a writer belongs to literature only when he is dead; living he is, vaguely, something else; and a habitual remoteness from the creative mood has made American professors quite peculiarly academic.* "Literature," as distinguished from excellent writing, is a thing specially associated in the American universities with Westminster Abbey

* So long as the "Ph.D." superstition remains in the ascendant they are bound to become more and more so.

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and the dead generally; it is a thing felt to have been done, and while for all one knows it may continue to be done the quality in it which makes it literature only comes out, like the quality in wines, with age.* Now I suppose that most of the American novelists in our day are university men; they have learned to regard literature as an august compound of Browning, Ben Jonson, and Hesiod; and consequently when they themselves begin to write it is in a spirit of real humility that they set themselves to the composition of richly-rewarded trash. I am sure of this: it is modesty that lies behind the best-seller, an extreme reluctance to set oneself up as a competitor with Ben Jonson. And there is an aspect in which the spectacle of writers regarding themselves as humble tradesfolk has a certain charm. But the conception of literature as something, so to speak, high and dry, gives to the craft of authorship in America a latitude like that of morality in Catholic countries: so long as the heavenly virtues are upheld mundane virtues may shift as they will. In a word, writers are relieved of responsibility, and while their ethical conscience remains quite sound they absolve themselves from any artistic conscience whatever. And the worst of it is that precisely these writers of immitigable trash are often the bright, vigorous, intuitive souls who could make literature out of American life. Has it ever been considered how great a knowledge of men, what psychological gifts of the first order their incomparable achievement of popularity implies?

These two attitudes of mind have been phrased once for all in our vernacular as Highbrow and Lowbrow. I have proposed these terms to a Russian, an Englishman, and a German, asking each in turn whether in his country there was anything to correspond with the conceptions implied in them. In each case they have been returned to me as quite American, authentically our very own, and, I should add, highly suggestive.

What side of American life is not touched by this antithesis? What explanation of American life is more central or more illuminating? In everything one finds this frank acceptance of twin values which are not expected to have anything in com-

*Or distance. The principle is now pretty generally recognized that literature can be produced in foreign countries, even at the present time.

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mon: on the one hand a quite unclouded, quite unhypocritical assumption of transcendent theory ("high ideals"); on the other a simultaneous acceptance of catchpenny realities. Between university ethics and business ethics, between American culture and American humor, between Good Government and Tammany, between academic pedantry and pavement slang, there is no community, no genial middle ground. The very accent of the words Highbrow and Lowbrow implies an instinctive perception that this is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. For both are used in a derogatory sense. The Highbrow is the superior person whose virtue is admitted but felt to be an inept, unpalatable virtue which is no object for emulation; while the Lowbrow is our equivalent for the good fellow one readily cottons to, but with a certain scorn for him and all his works. And what is true of them as personal types is true of what they stand for. They are equally undesirable, they are incompatible, but they are complementary; and they divide American life between them.

II

They always have divided American life between them. And to understand them one has to go back to the very beginning of things, for without doubt the Puritan Theocracy is the all-influential fact in the history of the American mind. It was the Puritan conception of the Deity as a kind of absentee landlord, not alone all-determining, but precisely responsible for the practical affairs of the race, constituting, in fact, the State itself, which precluded in advance any central bond, any responsibility, any common feeling in American affairs and which justified the unlimited centrifugal expediency which has always marked American life. And the same instinct that made against centrality in government made against centrality in thought, against common standards of any kind. The imminent eternal issues the Puritans felt so keenly, the equally imminent practical issues they experienced so monotonously threw almost no light on one another; there was no middle ground between to mitigate, combine, or harmonize them. So that from the beginning

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we find two main currents in the American mind running side by side but rarely mingling—a current of overtones and a current of undertones—and both equally unsocial: on the one hand, the current of Transcendentalism, originating in the piety of the Puritans, becoming a philosophy in Jonathan Edwards, passing through Emerson, producing the fastidious refinement and aloofness of the chief American writers, and, as the coherent ideals and beliefs of Transcendentalism gradually faded out, resulting in the final unreality of most contemporary American culture; and on the other hand the current of catchpenny opportunism, originating in the practical shifts of Puritan life, becoming a philosophy in Franklin, passing through the American humorists, and resulting in the atmosphere of contemporary business life.

Thus the literature of the seventeenth century in America is composed in equal parts, one may fairly say, of piety and advertisement; and the revered chronicles of New England had the double effect of proving how many pilgrim souls had been elected to salvation and of populating with hopeful immigrants a land where heaven had proved so indulgent. The Puritan fathers, it is true, were all of a piece—what indeed would have become of us all if in their eyes there had been any rift between religion and real estate? They were too busy for these subtle distinctions. And we may in a sense be grateful that no unexpected turn of fortune enabled them to be men of leisure, for who can figure the number of witches they would then have felt themselves impelled to burn? It was a kind destiny that never permitted Puritans to be fancy-free and gave them only one day in the week in which to expatiate *in vacuo*. But it was a costly kindness.

For three generations the prevailing American character was compact in one type, the man of action who was also the man of God. Not until the eighteenth century did the rift appear and with it the essential distinction between Highbrow and Lowbrow. It appeared in the two philosophers Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, who share the eighteenth century between them. In their amazing purity of type and in the apparent incompatibility of their aims they determined the

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American character as a racial fact, and after them the Revolution became inevitable. Channing, Lincoln, Emerson, Whitman, Grant, Webster, Garrison, Edison, Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Eddy are all, in one way or another, permutations and combinations of these two grand progenitors of the American character.

The intellect of Jonathan Edwards was like the Matterhorn, steep, icy, and pinnacled. At its base were green slopes and singing valleys filled with all sorts of little tender wild-flowers—for he was the most lovable of men; but as soon as the ground began to rise in good earnest all this verdurous life came to an abrupt end: not one green or living thing could subsist in that frozen soil, on those pale heights. The kind God himself was disturbed by this draught of cold air from below; he closed his shutters, stirred the coals together in his fireplace, and resolved to have nothing more to do with the human race until warmer weather set in. It was this that led Jonathan Edwards to believe that he was angry; but it can be said quite literally that it was only the logic of Edwards which made him so and that Edwards himself at bottom (like the professors of political economy) was the most reasonable and humane of men. He was even the most romantic of men, as I thought once, and I well remember that immense old musty book of his, covered with mildew, with its desert of tiny print, which I carried out with me into the fields and read, in the intervals of birdnesting, under the hedgerows and along the borders of the wood. The sun fell for the first time on those clammy old pages and the pallid thoughts that lay in them, and the field-sparrows all about were twittering in a language which, to tell the truth, was no more unintelligible to me. But the sentiment of romance, like the fiat of the Pope, can make the darkest ways plain, and in my mind's eye I used to see Jonathan Edwards in his lonely parsonage among the Indians, looking out across the snow. Yet it is certainly true that he spun those inept sublimities of his by subtracting from his mind every trace of experience, every touch of human nature as it really was among his innocent countryfolk, certainly true that he exhibited for the first time the infinite inflexibility of the upper levels of the American mind, just as

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Franklin exhibited for the first time the infinite flexibility of its lower levels.

What indeed could Poor Richard have in common with an Angry God? And what can Mr. Bryan have in common with political economy?

III

But now, since a matter of this kind is at bottom a personal matter, let us imagine what may be the private history of one of our maligned economists or professors of literature. Let us imagine that he has grown up, as an American typically does grow up, in a sort of orgy of lofty examples, moralized poems, national anthems, and baccalaureate sermons; until he is charged with all manner of ideal purities, ideal honorabilities, ideal femininities, flagwavings and skyscrapings of every sort; until he comes to feel in himself the hovering presence of all manner of fine potentialities, remote, vaporous, and evanescent as a rainbow. All this time, it can fairly be said, he has not been taught to associate himself personally with ends even much lower than these, he has not been taught that life is a legitimate progress toward spiritual or intellectual ends at all, his instincts of acquisition, pleasure, enterprise, and desire have in no way been linked and connected with disinterested ends; he has had it very firmly embedded in his mind that the getting of a living is not a necessity incidental to some higher and more disinterested end, but that it is the prime and central end in things, and as a corollary to this he has been encouraged to assume that the world is a stamping-ground for every untrained impulse in him which is private, empirical, and greedy—that, in short, society is fair prey for what he can get out of it.

Let us imagine that, having grown up in this way, he is sent to college. And here, in order to keep the case a typical one, we shall have to exercise a little discrimination in the choice of a university. It will not be Harvard, because the ideal of Harvard, as I shall point out, is not a typically American ideal; nor will it be one of the modern utilitarian universities, which have no ideal at all. It will be any one of the others, and when I say

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this I mean that each of the others is in one way or another a development of the old country American college: its ideal, its experience, its tradition spring out of and lead one back to that. Now among these old colleges Harvard might have been figured as an ever-developing, ever-liberalizing catholicism, of which they were all sectarian offshoots, established on a principle of progressive theological fragmentation, each one defending an orthodoxy its predecessors had outworn or violently setting up in defence of some private orthodoxy of its own. They founded themselves each on a remote dogma, or system of dogma, as their central and sufficient basis—they were grouped roughly about the professor of Moral Philosophy, and just as in a mediæval university all the wheels turned, as it were, in relation to the central theological dynamo, so all their wheels turned in relation to him. In a sense, of course, this was true also of Harvard, but with a marked difference. The theologians who founded Harvard were men of action as well; in the seventeenth century a New England minister was also a politician and the education of ministers for which Harvard was mainly established implied also an education for public affairs, an education for society, so far as the word society can be used in connection with the early Puritans at all. Thus at the outset the founders of Harvard drove in the wedge of secularism; Harvard had from the beginning a sort of national basis, at least among New Englanders, and its dogmatic structure consequently reflected and shifted with and accommodated itself to the currents of national thought. Remaining in touch with society, it educated to a certain extent, relatively to an extraordinary extent, the social function of its students; and it is thus no accident that so large a proportion of the political, the literary, and the scientific life of America has sprung from it. But in the eighteenth century the conditions under which Harvard had been established had ceased to exist. The minister was no longer a man of affairs—he was a stark theologian, and usually of a type which the majority of his parishioners had outgrown. Yale, Princeton, and practically all the other typically American colleges were founded by men of this type. Jonathan Edwards may figure for them all; the motive which led him to become

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the president of Princeton being precisely that his flock in Connecticut could no longer see the anger of God eye to eye with him. Already in his time the fathers and mothers of Young America had submitted to the charms of Poor Richard's Almanac, they had themselves, for the most part, become inveterately Lowbrow; but they seem to have believed that an angry God might still be a good influence over Young America himself.

To return now from this long digression, let us imagine that the father and mother of our budding economist have exercised an equal care in the choice of a university. They would not, of course, being Good Americans themselves; yet if their case were typical, as we have been supposing, their choice of a university would naturally be typical also. Having arrived there would our future professor be confronted with an angry God, or any sort of direct theological dogma? By no means. But there would have remained in the air a certain fragrance and vibration, as if an ideal had passed that way and not stayed, there would be intangible whispers and seductions, there would be a certain faint, rarefied, remote, but curiously pervasive and insistent influence—like the sound of an æolian harp or the thought of Plato in some uncouth slum; there would be memories and portraits of many an old metaphysician, white, unearthly, fragile. It would all seem very much as if, the significance of these remote dogmas having evaporated, only the remoteness, in a way, had remained.

One would be very insensitive who did not feel the quite unbalancing charm of this quality—so different from its comparatively robust Oxford parallel—in the old New England colleges, as in Princeton, Yale, and the other universities which have developed out of them; but one would also, I think, feel something vaguely Circean in it. And in fact, given the preliminary method of bringing up which I have sketched for our typical student, what would be its effect upon him? Suddenly confronted during four years with just this remote influence of ideals, out of which the intellectual structure has evaporated and which never possessed a social structure, would he not find them too vague, too intangible, too unprepared for to be incorporated into his nature, would he not inevitably pass

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out of their presence into a manhood which would closely duplicate his childhood because the university had not enabled him to modify it? Would not the ideal have served him precisely as the water and the fruit served Tantalus? Would not ideals themselves have become permanently catalogued in his mind as wholly dreamlike, vaporous, impracticable things; would not the outward course of his life inevitably continue with an ever-increasing cynicism, covering a world of chagrins, thwarted impulses, bitterness and disillusion?

Indeed there is nothing so tragic and so ominous as the familiar saying that college is the happiest time of one's life. Yet I think the majority of college men think of their college life in this way. They deliberately put their Golden Age behind them—and, as things are, they know it is behind them. But consider what a comment this is on the American university itself,—a place, one can fairly say, where ideals are cherished precisely because they are ineffectual, because they are ineptly and mournfully beautiful, because they make one cynical, because they make life progressively uninteresting, because, practically and in effect, they are illusions and frauds and infinitely charming lies. There surely is the last and the most impenetrable stronghold of Puritanism, refined to the last degree of intangibility, which persists in making the world a world inevitably sordid, basely practical, and whose very definition of the ideal consequently is that which has no connection with the world!

Thus far our future economist is only a typical university graduate, who has not yet decided to become an economist. He has been consistently educated in twin values that are incompatible. The theoretical atmosphere in which he has lived is one that bears no relation to society, the practical atmosphere in which he has lived bears no relation to ideals. Theory has become for him permanently a world in itself, a *ding an sich;* practice has become simply a world of dollars. Now supposing he has already felt the pull of economics, three courses are open to him: either he can give himself once for all to economics; or he can go the way of all flesh, i. e., into business; or he can hesitate between the two, becoming an economist for the time being and eventually going into business. If he is prepon-

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derantly intellectual he will choose the first course and let society take care of itself; if he is preponderantly a man of action he will take the second course and let ideals take care of themselves; but just so far as he is a normal man, with intellect and action in equal parts, just so far he will be on the fence. The probability is that in this case he will become an economist for as long as he can stand it and then burst into business and become a first-rate millionaire as quickly as possible. The sense of action in him will rebel against the sense of theory and finding no basis of action, no relation to action, in his theory will press him into a fresh life where the theoretical side of his nature will at least be of some slight use in furthering private ends.

IV

My political economist is, of course, only typical. Any branch of human activity that is represented by professors at all—and which is not?—would serve as well. Human nature itself in America is divided on two irreconcilable planes, the plane of pure theory and the plane of stark business; and in the back of its mind is heaven knows what world of poetry, hidden away, too inaccessible, too intangible, too unreal in fact ever to be brought into the open, or to serve, as the poetry of life rightly should serve, in harnessing thought and action together, turning life into a disinterested adventure. Argue which way you will, from the individual to society or from society to the individual, it is the same. Just as the American attitude toward the State has been the attitude of an oratorical, vague and self-sufficient patriotism which has not based itself on a concrete interest in public affairs; just as, in consequence of this, the "invisible government" of business has swept in and taken possession of the field and become the actual government under which we live, overgrowing and supplanting the government we recognize: so also in the case of the individual. The cherishing of ideals that are simply unmapped regions to which nobody has the least intention of building roads, the baccalaureate sermons that are no just organic comment on the educational system that

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precedes them—just these themselves strengthen the forces from below; the invisible government of self-interest, built up carefully from the beginning by maxim and example, by the contact of everything that in the actual world passes as actual, takes possession of the field.

Twenty, even ten, years ago, it would have been universally assumed that the only hope for American society lay in somehow lifting the Lowbrow elements in it to the level of the Highbrow elements. But that quickening realism which belongs to contemporary thought makes it plain on the one hand that the mere idealism of university ethics, the mere loftiness of what is called culture, the mere purity of so-called Good Government, left to themselves, not only produce a glassy inflexible priggishness on the upper levels which paralyzes life and turns its professors to dust; but that the lower levels have a certain humanity, flexibility, tangibility which are indispensable in any programme: that Tammany has quite as much to teach Good Government as Good Government has to teach Tammany, that slang has quite as much in store for so-called culture as so-called culture has for slang—that the universities, while most emphatically not becoming more "practical," must base their disinterestedness on human, moral, social, artistic, and personal needs, impulses, and experience.

But society cannot become humane of itself; and it is for this reason that the movements of Reform are so external and so superficial. The will to reform springs from a conviction *ex post facto,* and is strictly analogous to the "culture" of business men who retire at sixty and collect pictures. Nothing so exemplifies it as the spectacle of Mr. Carnegie spending three quarters of his life providing steel for battleships and the last quarter of it trying to abolish war. He himself surely has not been conscious of any inward revolution; plainly with him as with others the will to create disorder and the will to reform it spring from the same inner condition of mind. The impetus of Reform springs from a hope that at least a sufficient number of reformers can be trained and brought into the field to match the forces of business—the one group serving precisely to undo the work of the other group, creating order precisely so far as

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the other group has created disorder. The ideal of Reform, in short, is the attainment of zero.

The only serious approach to society is the personal approach; and what I have called the quickening realism of contemporary social thought is at bottom simply a restatement for the mass of commercialized men, and in relation to issues which directly concern the mass of men as a whole, of those personal instincts that have been the essence of art, religion, literature—the essence of personality itself—since the beginning of the world. It will remain of the least importance to patch up politics, to become infected with social consciousness, or to do any of the other easy popular contemporary things unless, in some way, personality can be made to release itself on a middle plane between vaporous idealism and self-interested practicality; unless, in short, self-fulfilment as an ideal can be substituted for self-assertion as an ideal. On the economic plane that implies socialism; on every other plane it implies something which a majority of Americans in our day certainly do not possess—an object in living.

V

It is perhaps just as well that Cervantes lived and died in Spain three hundred years ago; if he had been born an American of the twentieth century he might have found that George Ade had killed the possibility of satire. Yet his fable, which has its personal bearing in all men always, has in America a social bearing that is perhaps unique. Don Quixote is the eternal Highbrow under a polite name, just as Sancho Panza is the eternal Lowbrow; and if the adorable Dulcinea is not a vision of the night and a daily goal in the mind of our professors, then there is no money in Wall Street. One admits the charm of both extremes, the one so fantastically above, the other so fantastically below the level of right reason—to have any kind of relish for muddled humanity is necessarily to feel the charm in both extremes. But where is all that is real, where is personality and all its works, if it is not essentially somewhere, somehow, in some not very vague way, between?

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MORE ABOUT "INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES" *

An English View

WILLIAM MACDONALD

"INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES" is attracting much attention, but no more than is fairly due to it as the most American contribution to literature which America has given us. I do not, with Mr. Dickinson, exclude Whitman in making this comparison: for Whitman is at most two-thirds American, and one-third a caprice of those remoter gods who send into the world from time to time a being without kindred. It is an eloquent testimony, indeed, to the urgency of Mr. Lee's theme and the originality of his thesis that the arresting literary qualities of his work have been but little commented on. Serious readers have felt that they must go straight to the matter of a book so tense with actuality, and say right there, for the relief of the public mind or their own, what they think of it as a challenge or a prophecy.

That it should be received without question or understood without misprision was hardly to be expected in the case of a work written against the background of a different and a distant social scene from ours: written, also, with the perilous intellectual play—with the audacities, the implicitness, the essential and dynamic ambiguities even—of a mind which, having wrestled as it were with God for the truth, has won its own deliverance from a good many of the besetting prepossessions of all of us before beginning to speak. A mind in that condition, which sees things clean, has to pay a penalty in kind for bringing into its discourse with the world so little of the rather sticky mental context—the passions, the prejudices, the misconceptions and the honest moral stupidities—that the world does its thinking with. The penalty is doubtless foreseen and is paid gladly, to save time, and many preparatory and detergent treatises. What Mr. Lee says of a new truth may in fact be said of every real truth-bringer: "You may know it by the fine manly intelligent dan-

* By Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, author of *Crowds*.

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gers that go with it, and by the way it takes for granted that the people are not fools." In regard to that latter point, it is true, the truth-bringer may be a little too sunny and casual, and, in spite of his prophet's mantle, may not really know all that is before him. For example: that anybody should be able to discover, in a work of such rare spiritual stress and such generous tendency, mainly the expression of "a worship of the millionaire" (as he is commonly known), and again "a token of that homage to the power of money which is the cause of the millionaire's vulgarity"—that, I say, is something which not even a prophet could have foreseen, and on which only a saint should be allowed to pass a remark.

Worship of the millionaire, indeed! I read the book as a vindication of man, of vitality, and of the forces that have made America; and only secondly as an attempt to show that the most disesteemed by-product of that historic process may be worth a good deal to the world yet, in the next phase of men and things.

I pass by the somewhat supplicative vindication which rests in the plea that surely there may be men in a modern community who are good enough to be very rich. One would naturally pass by, unless intent upon the study of mean human types, the person who should deny that there may be and are such men, among Jews and Gentiles the world over.

More important than this, because reaching to the final things in question, is the whole message and appeal of the book constituted by its pervading Americanism. I find all America behind his pages: a sense of Atlantic distances for humanity to traverse yet; a continental assumption of the fact and virtue of freedom; a postulated view of the world as not peopled by fixed social species and orders, by classes and masses of rich and poor, but by individual men in diverse momentary conditions, each a depository of unknown values, each a possible benefactor of his kind, a subject for prophecy, an occasion for hope. It is for every one of these men, not for the millionaires in being, not altogether even for the visible Long Johns who are worth a million without the money, that he holds his plea. It is for that circumferential sense of potentiality which is to the American consciousness as the ozone of its atmosphere, as the entire

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air, indeed, in which its best individual minds live and work. When he says "to deny millionaires under a democratic form of government is to deny America," he is using, for the only time in the book, more syllables than were needed. He might with equal truth have said simply that to deny millionaires is to deny America.

For these men are only the most conspicuous examples of America's resource and abundance, and of how she has kept the promise of fortune which she published to the world and for which migrating generations have sought her shores. The personal qualities and even the doings of the actual millionaire are a trivial matter compared to what he signifies. For as the towering peak—barren enough in itself, and sinister perhaps to those who approach it—is yet but the high point of a far-stretching system of mountains and foothills which are yearly making a whole land fertile, so the millionaire is but an extravagant and overgrown sample of a national process of enrichment widely diffused, and in its totality without parallel. By the same proffered resource and the same wide allowance for individual energy which has made her millionaires, America has made also millions and millions of prosperous human beings at a thousand lower ranges. She has made them, and they have made her, with such a reciprocation of services as the world has never seen. Mark the way of it, and say whether there is not something magical about that land. The aboriginal inhabitants were the freest of the free, and among no civilized people has the personal dignity of the individual had such recognition. The white men came to it, colony after colony; and the first thing every new colony did was to depose the leaders who brought it, or the magistrates set over it. They continued doing so, in effect, yearly while they were colonies; till at last all the colonies joined together and deposed the head magistrate of all. It was the only purpose in the world for which they would or morally could have joined. Then came that most astonishing spectacle in history, the effective occupation of the breadth of a continent in less than a century by the spontaneous, sporadic, tumultuous movement and energy of a people; a people small to begin with, recruiting in countless hordes yearly from a dozen

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nationalities and tongues, assimilating them as it went, and remaining English-speaking and American-minded through and after all. I say spontaneous, tumultuous. For from first to last Government did little more than register—reluctantly, and sometimes under sheer compulsion—the accomplished fact, as territory after territory, State after State, was added to the human domain and home-land of the nation by the sheer excess-vitality, the bound-breaking, path-making impulse of individual men, or little parties of a dozen from all round the compass. Everywhere it was initiative that did it, the adventuring energy of people of no consequence, the desire for room and the love of change, the liberty given or taken to go on while you cared for going, or could go and live.

And they not only pioneered the rapid expansion of the Union, and so ensured the strength and permanence of what America stands for among the nations. They transformed the land, they and the crowds of their kind who followed fast, and built upon it, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, the whole social and material superstructure of a complex and expansive civilization. We have already begun to take their achievement for granted, and have forgotten how it was brought about. But if over that region to-day there are cities (with their industries, schools, libraries, churches, with their just local pride and their honored men) in mountain and valley and plain, and if there are corn-lands by the thousand square miles, and canals from river to river and from lake to sea, and railways bringing two oceans together that were worlds apart until yesterday—it has all come about because in America less than anywhere in the world had the ordinary man a sense of let or hindrance, because there more than anywhere else it was open to him to try something on his own account or do something in his own way, and because he generally had a mind to do so.

For the story neither begins nor ends in terms of geography, but of Life. Regional opportunity only confirmed the initiative spirit of the people who sought and used it, making them initiative upon other planes. Prolonged exercise in the work of social creation—in the forming of society, in the making of values and supplying of needs for communities newly born, or rapidly

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growing all over the land—reacted upon the whole national mind, giving to it idiosyncrasies and aptitudes which are better known among us than they are understood. For out of this discipline, adventure and ardor grew that habit of making comparisons, of quoting figures and telling you wonderful things, in which we see only American boastfulness. Out of it grew also that fertility in useful invention to which we are all so much indebted, but in which we see only American devotion to the pursuit of the dollar. Both interpretations are as erroneous as they are mean, but let them pass. Out of it grew, above all, two things which are very relevant to an understanding of this book. Firstly, the axiomatic American social conception of Business, as not a kind of desperate substitute for having "private means"—not an expedient for keeping alive which you are a little ashamed of, especially when you meet somebody whose grandfather has enabled him to do without it—but simply the natural obvious way of being a man among men in modern times and giving proper account of yourself to Society and your own intelligence. Secondly, the American conception of Money as a thing so indisputably good to have that there is no earthly or even heavenly need to put on a moral mask in speaking of it, or to dissemble the fact that it is as natural an object of desire as the higher virtues—which you manage, by the way, to do without. Our conventional feeling about business and our conventional professions regarding money are themselves sufficient to throw our minds out of relation to the American view and phrasing, as we find them even in a work of such valiant spirituality as *Inspired Millionaires*. But neither the feeling nor the profession, pride ourselves on them as we may, can seem very intelligent to men who have seen business—business conducted multitudinously with the emulation of a game and the beneficence of a service—peopling a continent and making a nation; or who have seen money and man's labor turning to things, and things turning to life—settlers, then roads; towns, then railroads; finally, great cities with their tens of thousands of men and women and little children, and all the social context, the home-life and the human values, that they mean—all this panorama

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of Becoming, this awakening of a land into life, simultaneous, ubiquitous, like the leafing of a forest in spring!

And so we get Stanley Lee, most American of men, and most quintessentially an American in being an idealist. Hence his "realistic, valiant, intelligent faith in material things"; his expectation of continuous enriching change and discovery in the future as in the past; his desire for room, all around and all ahead. Hence, above all, his passionate conviction that constructive or spiritual spontaneity, initiative—the inestimable divine particle of originative power in any and every human being—is the last thing which a sane society will sacrifice or condemn to decay: since Human Society itself, and all the glories of man, have no nearer parent. Of this power to conceive and create and remould, to enhance and translate and transfigure, which has already wrought miracles in man's estate, he sees that there are unspent Niagaras in Humanity yet—if only no hasty, unwise, suicidal counsels shall prevail with the peoples, to set up a machinery which shall evaporate the great stream, drop by drop, at the individual sources. Such a machinery he conceives programme-socialism to be: worth little as a rectification of social wrongs, but compulsive and deadly in its working as a great act of human impoverishment. And thus the motive and argument of the book is no mere defence of the millionaire vulgar or other (what does his vulgarity matter, except to the vulgar?), but a plea for the entirety of Man in the society of the future, and for taking all the Risks for the sake of the Life.

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THE MADDENING MR. MEREDITH

ELIZABETH FRAZER

"The author in his work must be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere."—FLAUBERT

FOR many years, both in England and in America, a small but determined coterie of women and men has been spiritedly engaged in maintaining before a perverse and Philistine generation the literary godhead of George Meredith. Whether success has been due solely or at all to the efforts of these admirable and zealous defenders of the faith, it is certain that the tide of battle has turned and the victory is won. Mr. Meredith has come into his own. Upon looking over the garlands of indiscriminate adulation heaped on him since his death, garlands compact of praise, and with each separate floweret an immortelle, one suspects, indeed, that he has come into much more than he bargained for. To a writer, nourished hardily upon indifference through the greater part of a long life, such a sudden avalanche of public approval is enough to cause him to stir uneasily in his sleep beneath the fragrant hawthorn tree, and beg to be rescued from his friends.

For Meredith scorned the applause of the mob (which, in true mob spirit, gave him the retort courteous!), wrote solely to please himself, and, though a profound, was not a perfect artist—as none realized more keenly than himself. The mild dispraise which follows is an endeavor to adjust him in a clearer focus, to screw him down from heroic to life size; to paint in a few shadows in order to relieve the monotony of blinding high lights; to harp upon his faults, and upon one fault in particular, in order to counteract the efforts of those assiduous friends who

> "build his goodness up so high
> That it topples down to the other side,
> And makes a kind of badness."

His chief defect, almost a fatal defect one must own in a story-teller, is his sheer inability to tell a story. Other things

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he can and does tell, in words of haunting and imperishable beauty. As a social thinker, a noble idealist, a poet capable of passionate lyrical flights which "shoot us higher than the topmost star," as an iridescent phrase-maker, and a creator of lovely women, he is a very prince in distinction; but as an artist, a story-teller *pur et simple,* inexorably casting out all extraneous detail, *including himself,* and producing a unique and inevitable whole, the end of which "shall be bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the beginning," he is, with the exception of *The Egoist,* a painful and exasperating failure. To tell a story, just that, and keep his hands off his characters, is the one feat this master cannot perform.

If there is a single artistic principle more than another which should govern the author in the development of his characters, it is that contained in the plain but pithy aphorism that every tub must stand squarely on its own bottom. No golden nimbus or laurel wreath for the hero simply because he is a hero; no blasting of the fair name of a perfectly innocent villain whose only fault is that he has been cast for an unpopular rôle, and been predestined to destruction by the relentless author of his being before the first page of his unhappy life has begun. On the contrary, he should be created in our own image, and after the breath of life has been breathed into him (a difficult thing!), he should be left, like his noble prototype, to his joyous and spontaneous devices: to name the animals out of his own head, or to eat forbidden fruit and suffer the inevitable consequences, according to his individual and sovereign will, and with no strong coercive Hand laid upon him. We have all seen writers, with malice aforethought and for some unworthy ulterior purpose, give a character a bad name at the outset of a tale, hound him through the mazes of the plot with a bitterness and pertinacity that are astounding, and finally do him foully to death before our very eyes. And the oddest part is that often by some trifling incident, a chance word or mere look out of the eye, the luckless puppet suddenly betrays to us from behind the mask his true inward nature; and we know, infallibly, that here is no wild knave, but a simple honest fellow who

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would not willingly hurt a fly. He is acting under diabolical compulsion.

In the beginning of tales, heroes did things off their own bat, so to speak. They exhibited a beautiful and buoyant independence of conduct, and were beholden to no one, not even to their creators. Nor was any question made of their goodness or badness; they were heroes by divine right of existence, and that was the end of it. Ulysses dallied with the fair Calypso on the delectable isle, beat Circe at her own game of diplomacy and put the comether on that wily lady until she followed him to the water's brim, weeping bitterly; and still he preserved an untarnished credit with Penelope. He was a man for a' that. Æneas philandered outrageously with, and then ignominiously deserted, a certain noble and too trusting queen who burned herself upon a funeral pyre for love of him (speak not of wasted affection!), and still wrote himself down forthrightly as a pious person. And if this be a bluff, posterity has not yet called the gentleman! These, and other immortals in the gallery of the past, did foolish and fatuous and conceited things just as you and I; and also fine, high, ringing deeds of magnanimity which you and I, walking decently or drably before the outward world, privately dream ourselves worthy of, and in the secret theatres of our minds enact with gusto.

Later came what Stevenson calls "the dissemination of the human conscience," when novelists became nobly dissatisfied with the act of mere creation, and began compelling their characters to be good or to be bad for lofty moral purposes; compelling them to be strong or to be frail; to be self-righteous prigs or dark and desperate rogues; more latterly compelling them to be that sorriest of travesties, a sociological scarecrow; compelling them to be this or that or the other thing, according to the author's temper, or philosophical bent, or the specific social theorem he wishes to demonstrate. The error lies not in the particular brand of servitude to which these spirits are bound, but that, as created beings, they should walk in chains at all. And the more actual, engaging, and sovereign the personalities, the more fiercely we resent that such bright and imperial creatures should be bond-slaves.

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This brings us directly to the point at issue. It was an old and very brilliant little lady, who, after reading *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* with many smiles and frowns and wrathful mutterings, finally threw the book across the room and denounced its author as "that maddening Mr. Meredith." Undoubtedly, what she meant was that Mr. Meredith, though a dangerously enchanting person, a kind of Merlin, and court jester, and Immanuel Kant, and pied piper all rolled into one inimitable whole, was, nevertheless, in plain language, nothing more or less than a tyrant—a tyrant of the most absolute and abandoned order. Such is the connotation of the word maddening.

His enchantment lies in the blessed and healthy reality of his creatures: "souls born active, wind-beaten, but ascending." They are more actual than some humans, who confound us daily by their striking unreality. His Clara Middleton, and Crossjay, the pure, dawn-breathing Lucy (so ruthlessly sacrificed!), and the incomparable Mrs. Berry are beings of flesh and blood and laughter. They are almost as true as Adam and Eve in the Garden—whose existence one is bound to believe in simply because no artist born of woman could ever have "made up" Adam's famous apologia to the Lord.

Incontestably, as a creator, Meredith belongs on high Olympus. And, like the Olympians, he refuses to his mortals any large freedom of conduct. He heckles them, thwarts, baffles, and tortures them at every turn, forces them, urbanely yet with an iron relentlessness beneath, to act absurdly out of character, and to bow to his every whimsicality and caprice. Disregarding, or scorning, the elementary rules of the game, he gives advice from the side-lines, and when the action thickens boldly enters the field. He gets between the players and the goal, darts nimbly in front of them and trips them up, or standing behind, grapples them firmly round the middle to prevent inevitable action, while, clear-eyed, genial, and sane, he expounds—the doctrine of the Superwoman. Consider the ignominy of the situation, when the players are your friends! Small wonder that at this juncture the sporting contingent of the spectators, among them the little old lady, indignantly rise from their seats,

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leave the insufferable game, and demand their money back from the gate-keeper. That is the end of Mr. Meredith for them! And they are well within their rights. Rules are rules, and must be obeyed, even by one who speaks with the tongues of men and angels, and can sing both high and low.

The thinning spectators who remain to the finish are of two classes: those who still hold the touching but mediæval belief that the king can do no wrong; so that if Meredith should make a holocaust of Lucy and Richard and Lætitia and Diana and Lord Fleetwood, and should offer up to sacrifice upon the altar of his creed all these fair children of his brain, still would the staunch ones trust him. They are fire-eaters of the sect of Meredith. The members of the other class resign themselves to beholding their favorites go to pot with more or less fortitude, and for diverse reasons. They may be followers of Immanuel Kant, or believe in the Superwoman. Perhaps they are enchanted by the sweet, wild, ravishing notes of the pied piper, for certainly no other in the English tongue has piped with such pure and exquisite grace of the rapture of first youthful love. These are celestial notes—and played on a two-penny reed whistle! The soberer spirits may like the sunny landscape, or enjoy a glass of mellow port and still mellower talk with racy Dr. Middleton. But shot through all the bright and silver-chiming hours is the painful certainty that these pleasant people are not free. Behind them is the intractable Hand urging them to unnatural conduct, to ignoble deeds, and to unnecessary doom.

It is in the treatment of Lord Fleetwood and Carinthia in *The Amazing Marriage* that Meredith displays the very nadir and glory of his capriciousness. It is a *tour de force* of brilliant and ironic perversity. Two high-spirited young people marry under a cloud of mutual misunderstanding, which five minutes' plain conversation would serve to dissipate. The cloud is the premise of the book. Its ultimate dissipation is the only logical conclusion, and is, moreover, a moral obligation on the part of the author. For no tragedy inheres in the situation, no universal law has been broken by the marriage, and no vicious coil of circumstance inevitably presages disaster. On the contrary, the theme is distinctly comic in spirit. Meredith portrays with

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great charm a strong, natural bond of attraction between a haughty but imaginative young nobleman, and a beautiful, healthy young woman. Carinthia is a poetic figure: simple, sensuous, and passionate; Lord Fleetwood is perverse but genuinely appreciative of her charms. The estrangement which follows hard upon the wedding is of a temporary and artificial nature, and needs but ten frank words to result in illumination and forgiveness. Feeling himself unfitted for the solemn state of matrimony, Fleetwood writes a formal letter, begging to be released from the bonds of his betrothal with Carinthia. This important document the reprobate old kinsman of the girl suppresses, and the match goes forward. Fleetwood believes that Carinthia has euchred him out of his freedom; he is justly enraged, sulks for a space, and acts like an ill-mannered pirate. Later, he falls desperately in love with his wife, which is very romantic and proper.

Up to this point the tale runs smoothly enough off the reel, though a certain wanton tricksiness of style, shooting stars of wit, and flashing paradoxes, betray the author in his most irrational mood. The latter half of the volume is given over to the stubborn, hand-to-hand encounter of Fleetwood with Meredith to obtain five minutes' candid, uninterrupted conversation with his wife. Page follows page of obfuscation, of dodging and doubling to prevent a *rencontre,* and to keep Carinthia unenlightened. Fleetwood is exhibited on his spiritual knees before his wife. He goes about pensioning and setting up in business trades people who befriended her in the first days of their estrangement. He rents houses where she has slept, and enters her former chamber as if it were a shrine. He is, in short, a thoroughly humbled and enamored gentleman, burning to confess his fault and receive absolution. Sympathy for him waxes apace through long pages of suspense, until one is prone to cry out, like a certain impatient auditor in a Bowery theatre: "For God's sake, mister, *give* that man his wife!" In the end, Meredith packs off Carinthia to Spain with her brother, incarcerates Fleetwood in a monastery—and turns him into a monk! Such a conclusion is poor and disingenuous, and thwarts the reader's sense of fitness which demands of romance that true

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love shall override all obstacles, and come at last, amid pealing of bells, into its rightful kingdom.

In *Diana of the Crossways* arises the famous situation in which Diana sells out her lover, Percy Dacier. That affair strains the credulity. In this scene the brilliant, high-minded Diana of the previous chapters is not veracious or probable. Her dishonorable conduct in betraying Dacier to the editor is so flimsy and unconvincing that the reader promptly repudiates the whole business and indicts Meredith for libel. Had Diana been what is colloquially known as a "nice little home body," sagacious only where her own interests were concerned, of sluggish mentality, indifferent to larger affairs, unacquainted with the world of men and their concepts of faith and honor; if she had been a heroine of Trollope or Thackeray or Hardy, anything but what she was, the affair might have worn an air of plausibility. The reader would have forgiven her on the spot. In his joy at witnessing the overthrow of Dacier, he would have excused the devious, feminine conduct on the ground of the abysmal ignorance of the lovely sex of such cold, hard abstractions. But Diana does not belong in the above category—she is a Superwoman. Meredith himself delighted to do her sparkling intelligence honor. He created a character so real and luminous that when the test came, its very reality undid him. Not Diana, as all the world knows, but Meredith was the sinner. The reason for this distortion is transparent: the knot of the entanglement with Dacier must be cut; Dacier must be shown up as an unmitigated cad and shunted off the stage to make way for Redmond, who is lumpish but very good. To be good is his "business" in the story. It is what he is put there for, expressly—to make a safe husband for Diana.

We come to that shattered masterpiece, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* a novel noble in its proportions, dealing with the thrilling, heady rapture of first love, and the deeps of human passion; abounding in wit, gay discourse, and spirited incident; with a strong pure wind of rationality blowing through its pages, but arbitrarily set out of its course and wrecked by an unnatural conclusion. A baronet whose wife has run away from him invents an iron-clad System for rearing up his only son so that

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the latter may escape the follies incident to gilded youth and become a perfect, full-petalled flower of British manhood. But as usual, *l'homme propose, et la femme dispose.* Richard falls mightily in love, and mates with Lucy before the honorable parent suspects what his budding prodigy is up to. Then, as in *The Amazing Marriage,* the author arrays Nature, and the high potency of wedded love against an artificial force—in this instance, the System. To the unbiased reader, the forecast at this point seems generally fair; the book faces comfortably away from tragedy. Systems may be strong, and fond parents turn vengeful, but Nature is a supple and practised wrestler and gains fresh vigor with each contact with earth. Accordingly, we watch the storm-clouds of wrath gather with a reasonable degree of equanimity, believing it to be only a passing shower which will clear the air. For the season of the book is not December but April, joyous in the main, and sweet with budding promises. Nowhere does the System rear itself malignant or austere or towering enough to terrify the reader. Through the welter of the father's anger, and Richard's indecision, Lucy shines forth transcendent in her grace and strength and resiliency. The odds are overwhelming on the side of Nature. Then comes the catastrophe, swift, crushing and complete. Lucy dies—to prove the defects of the System. Her death is shocking, an unthinkable calamity. The entire tone of the book gives the lie to such a conclusion. One reads the final pages with a fierce choking of the heart, in an anguish of wrath at the writer. As justly might one conceive that Jane Eyre should return to find her Mr. Rochester dead, that Henry Esmond should be slain in the duel, or that Crusoe should be broiled and eaten by his man Friday. There is a sturdy clash of aboriginal will against such arbitrary methods of procedure.

This novel exhibits Meredith's greatest defect, in obdurately conforming his characters to a preconceived thesis. The defect lies, not in having a thesis to demonstrate, but in failing to demonstrate the thesis. Most modern writers employ fiction as a vehicle to express their interpretation of life as they see it. The theme of Ibsen's plays may be compressed into the words of Maeterlinck: "We know the dead do not die. We know

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that it is not in our churches they are to be found, but in the houses and habits of us all." *The Doll's House, Hedda Gabler,* and the terrible play of *Ghosts,* are three powerful demonstrations of that grim and incontrovertible truth. Hardy also may be fitted with a philosophical key. Roughly speaking, his theme is the antithesis of Omar's happy doctrine,

" He's a good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Hardy declares, in tones of passionate and tragical sincerity, that He is an extremely bad Fellow, and solemnly prepares us for the worst event. But with him, as with Ibsen, from the very threshold we look towards wrath and disillusion. The overhanging sky lowers, the morning air is thick and oppressive, and there sounds persistently a dull, reverberating note of disaster. And in every tragedy worthy of the name this strong, de profundis chord strikes repeatedly, giving as it were the pitch of the tale, so that if one were to pick it up and read a few pages anywhere at random, a sense of impending danger would begin to vibrate in the mind's ear as clearly as the humming of the rails denotes an approaching train. Such stories are harmonious and satisfying. We read them with a certain voluptuous thrill. And when disaster, " following fast and following faster," finally overtakes the victim, we are well content, and would not change a line or abate a single jot of suffering. What has happened should happen.

There come into the mind, in this connection, two other books, profoundly sad, but in which the feeling of poignant rebellion is conspicuously absent. One is *A Pair of Blue Eyes,* by Hardy, the other is Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina.* In each of these novels, as in *The Ordeal,* the heroine dies, but the end is felt to be organic and fitting. *Anna Karenina* is a piece of finished logic, the most flawless and inevitable characterization of its kind to be found in a modern novel. The conclusion is inescapable, but such is the perfection of its art, that the reader, though pierced through and through with compassion, feels no slightest desire to escape the issue. Step by step, Anna has advanced down the steep, dark road, fighting a losing fight with

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her soul, alone, and with a steadily diminishing force of courage. In a final, passionate burst of strength she performs the violent act which sets her free, and with that supreme, desperate note the story ends. But the wrath which burned so hotly in us at the death of Lucy finds no place at the quenching of Anna's bright, troubled spirit. The heart of the reader, purged of bitterness, is strangely healed and comforted.

> " Her life was turning, turning,
> In mazes of heat and sound.
> But for peace her soul was yearning,
> And now peace laps her round."

The difference between the two novels, each noble and rugged and breathing the pure air of the heights, is, in the end, the difference between achievement in art, and failure; it is the difference between the artist who, like God in the universe, creates his characters and then grants to them freedom of conduct according to their own natures, and the artist who is visible everywhere, dragging the reluctant creatures of his brain atrociously manacled to his will. A novel of the first kind, whether it be glad or sad, we read with delight and satisfaction. But from the latter kind, we arise, tormented and restless and angry.

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SANDS MAC CREE

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

AS I came down from Scotland,
I rode along the sea;
I left my home in Scotland,
Which was all the world to me.

I left it when the heather
Smouldered purple on the moor;
When the heather's flaming fingers clutched
The tawny, close-clad moor.

And as I came along the sea,
I looked for a sight of Sands MacCree,
The little crescent fishing-town
That's neighbor to the sea—
For it seemed to me that Scotland ended there.

The sea stretched out its blue and green
To where the farthest boats were seen
Sent out from Sands MacCree.

The yellow sands were strewn with nets
A-drying from the sea.
The red roofs made a crescent
In the cove of Sands MacCree.

The wheatfields came into my sight.
They shut away the sea.
It seemed the last of Scotland there
In the cove of Sands MacCree.

The English fields were trim and neat,
And everywhere, and everywhere, were poppies in the wheat.
The wheatfields were as golden as the beach of Sands MacCree,
And the poppies were far redder than its roofs.

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But the wheatfields, all so golden glad,
Had shut away my sea,
And my home, which is in Scotland,
Was shut away from me.

The wheatfields and the poppies
Have shut away the sea,
And have taken all the gold and red
From the cove of Sands MacCree.

I left it when the heather
Smouldered purple on the moor;
When the heather's flaming fingers clutched
The tawny, close-clad moor.

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THE DOUBLE MIRACLE

ROBERT GARLAND

CHARACTERS

MARIANNINA	A young peasant girl
SALVATORE	A donkey boy
PANCRAZIO	One of the carabinieri
THE OLD PEASANT	
THE YOUNG PEASANT	

The period is the present.

The place is Sicily.

The rising curtain reveals the resting place before the mountain shrine of the Madonna della Rocca. This little square, "piazzetta" in the language of the country, is but the widening of the steeply winding donkey path that leads from Taormina, huddled on the cliffs more than a thousand feet below, to Castelmola, perched perilously above. The path rises to the right by a series of rough stone steps, curving sharply out of view, and sinks gradually to the left.

There are huge deformed-looking cacti in the corner of the rocks which form the larger part of the background, but their crude aggressiveness is somewhat relieved by the yellow genestra which everywhere raises its head between the cacti and the rocks. And even here, high above the Ionian Sea, an occasional almond tree is in bloom, projecting from the cliff above the lonely shrine. A strange, faint, all but ghostly glimmer—the reflection of the night-glow on Etna's snow—dimly yet completely lights the scene. The night is windless, and the stars are very near. From the valley below the music of a band drifts fitfully,—for a moment it may be heard distinctly, then the music all but fades away, to return as a wistful little breeze stirs the petals of the almond trees.

There is a "festa" in Taormina, the rockets of which now and again illumine the scene. It is as if the nearer stars had fallen from the sky.

Upon the altar two candles burn with steady flame; between them is a metal crucifix. Above the ledge upon which stands the crucifix is a statue of Madonna, behind a screen of glass. For a long moment there is an empty stage. Two peasants, one quite old, with quaint stocking-cap and twisted staff, the other younger, dressed in gayer colors, descend from the right, on their way to the "festa" in Taormina. They pause for a moment before the shrine, crossing themselves, each murmuring a faint and rather hurried petition to the Virgin. A brilliant light is thrown upon the shrine, suddenly. The peasants fall upon their knees.

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THE OLD PEASANT: A miracle! . . . A miracle!

THE YOUNG PEASANT: A miracle! . . . And here before our very eyes.

[*The light upon the shrine quivers for a moment as if to go away, and yet it does not go.*

THE OLD PEASANT: Mother of God, have mercy upon us!

THE YOUNG PEASANT: Mother of God, have mercy upon us!

THE OLD PEASANT: O blessed, blessed night!

THE YOUNG PEASANT: This is a night to put the other nights to shame.

THE OLD PEASANT: [*as if speaking to himself*] Madonna mia! . . . Madonna mia!

[*The light slowly disappears*]

It is finished.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: [*also as if speaking to himself*] Per Dio!

THE OLD PEASANT: [*looking about cautiously*] You saw the light upon the Virgin's face?

THE YOUNG PEASANT: Dost think that I am blind?

THE OLD PEASANT: It was the glance of God . . .

THE YOUNG PEASANT: And in its light I saw the Virgin smile.

THE OLD PEASANT: I too saw her smile.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: Her smile was sweet and very kind.

THE OLD PEASANT: She murmured blessings with her sacred lips.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: I saw her raise her hand, as if to show the blessing was for me . . . And O, the glory of her eyes!

THE OLD PEASANT: Her blessing was for both of us, as anyone could see.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: [*crossing himself*] Madonna mia!

[*They rise to their feet, hesitatingly.*

THE OLD PEASANT: What means this unexpected miracle? . . . I do not understand.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: When one is old one never understands.

THE OLD PEASANT: What holy undertaking are we chosen for?

THE YOUNG PEASANT: We must ask the priest . . . He alone would know.

THE OLD PEASANT: Yes . . . Yes . . . The priest would know.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: A miracle is a very sacred thing . . . if it really was a miracle?

THE OLD PEASANT: Do you doubt what happened here before your eyes?

THE YOUNG PEASANT: [*gaining courage*] Are not the days of miracles gone by?

THE OLD PEASANT: [*again crossing himself*] This is an age of unbelief. . . . It is not strange to see the glance of God upon the hills.

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THE YOUNG PEASANT: Who are we that miracles should be performed for us?

THE OLD PEASANT: Saint Peter was a fisherman.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: Saint Peter was a worthy man, far worthier than you and I.

THE OLD PEASANT: It was a miracle.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: It may have been . . . I do not know . . . But there are many natural things that cannot be explained . . .

THE OLD PEASANT: That light was not a natural thing . . . It was a miracle . . . The holy father can explain.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: You're old, my friend, and carry a priest upon your back.

THE OLD PEASANT: A priest is better than a pack of modern lies.

THE YOUNG PEASANT: Very well . . . Come to the town; there's wine and dance and music there.

[*The young peasant approaches the wall, and leans far over it*]

Behold . . . the tower of every church is hung with lamps, and in the squares the color-torches are ablaze.

THE OLD PEASANT: Be careful how you lean across that wall . . . You'll slip, and fall a thousand feet upon the rocks below . . . Once, years ago, a man——

THE YOUNG PEASANT: I've got my wits about me . . . Come on . . . I do not think that miracles are for such as you and me . . . God does not even know that we're alive, nor does he seem to care.

THE OLD PEASANT: Be quiet!

THE YOUNG PEASANT: What I say is true.

THE OLD PEASANT: What you say is very true, but 'twere not wise to let the Virgin overhear.

[*Another rocket bursts, there is a flash of light, and then the night draws in again.*

THE YOUNG PEASANT: [*moving away*] Come . . . Come!

[*Exit the young peasant.*

THE OLD PEASANT: [*loudly*] I come.

[*He turns toward the altar and crosses himself again*]

It was a miracle.

[*As the old peasant is leaving, Mariannina enters. She is a pretty Sicilian girl of nineteen or twenty. Her eyes are large and dark and warm, and her lips are very red. Over a skirt of some reddish material, with bands of black near the hem, is an apron of vivid green. Her blouse is blue, while upon her head is a folded kerchief of the orange tone the natives love. Despite the general air of chromatic chaos, the girl's costume produces a pleasing primitive effect. She carries a small bouquet of yellow flowers.*

[*The old peasant looks at her closely.*

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THE OLD PEASANT: Buona sera, Mariannina.

MARIANNINA: Buona sera.

THE OLD PEASANT: What are you doing here when there's a festa in the town?

MARIANNINA: [*seriously*] I have business here.

THE OLD PEASANT: Business? Here?

MARIANNINA: [*lightly*] Perhaps I hold a festa of my own.

THE OLD PEASANT: [*with kindly interest*] It were well to remember this, my dear: For you there should be no festa that Salvatore does not share . . . You are to wed him on Saint George's day . . . Do not forget.

MARIANNINA: Never fear, I shall not forget.

[*Turning away*]

Dear God . . . I wish I could!

THE OLD PEASANT: [*as if stating an established fact*] You do not love him any more.

MARIANNINA: Who told you that?

THE OLD PEASANT: You yourself . . . Just now I overheard you say——

MARIANNINA: The old hear many things that are not true.

THE OLD PEASANT: You love Pancrazio.

MARIANNINA: Be quiet! . . . You're old, and like the old, romantic. . . . I marry Salvatore upon Saint George's day . . . Remember that; tell all the women in the town.

THE OLD PEASANT: [*reflectively*] Young people nowadays are very strange . . . Buona sera, Mariannina.

[*Mariannina does not seem to hear.*

[*Exit the old peasant.*

[*Mariannina places the flowers upon the dimly lighted shrine, then kneels before it. Her hands are folded in front of her, her head is raised so that her eyes may rest upon the Virgin's face.*

MARIANNINA: O mother of God, mother of all of us, help me in my time of need! . . . You have suffered mightily, you have also loved . . . You suffered and you loved so all the world might gain, and when one suffers for mankind it makes the pain an easier thing.

[*For a moment she pauses, as if to gain courage to go on, then casts her pleading attitude aside and addresses the Virgin as if she were a friend*]

But, madre mia, here am I, a lonely, poor Sicilian maid, unnoted by the world, suffering for a mistake I did not make, and it is more, far more, than I can bear . . . Day after day I've gone into the church to ask for aid, but all my prayers have been to no avail . . . Night after night I've knelt beside my bed and cried aloud for help, but help has been withheld . . . And now I come to you, you who have loved.

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You cannot fail to understand. Once you were young and filled with love, with earthly love that could not be denied . . . I oft have dreamed of how, when work was done, you wandered down the long white road to meet a humble carpenter returning from his toil; of how he kissed you time and time again; of how you entered Nazareth, his hand in yours . . . Madonna mia, try to understand, for as Saint Joseph was to you, so my Pancrazio is to me . . . Madonna mia, I love him so.

[*She sobs silently.*

[*Pancrazio enters from the right. He is a handsome Sicilian of the dark Grecian type found so often to-day along the east coast of the island, especially about Taormina. He is dressed in the picturesque costume of the carabinieri; loose trousers, tight jacket and peaked cap. His rifle is hung about his shoulder by a strap. A cigarette is between his lips, a crimson carnation above his ear. He crosses the stage, and, placing his arm about Mariannina, raises her face to his and kisses her on the lips. She rises and embraces him.*

MARIANNINA: Pancrazio!

PANCRAZIO: Mariannina mia!

MARIANNINA: You're ahead of time to-night.

PANCRAZIO: I could not wait . . . I hoped that you'd be here.

MARIANNINA: I came to pray.

PANCRAZIO: I came to love.

MARIANNINA: O my dear . . . my very dear!

PANCRAZIO: How I have ached to hold you in my arms!

MARIANNINA: How I have longed to feel your arms about me, your strong brown arms!

PANCRAZIO: My arms are strong, and all their strength is yours.

MARIANNINA: They seem to protect me from all the world, to encase me in their loving surety.

PANCRAZIO: You are divine to-night.

MARIANNINA: I never felt more human. Your body calls aloud to mine, makes me forget I ever had a soul.

PANCRAZIO: Kiss me . . . my dear.

MARIANNINA: When I kiss you the entire world goes mad, and God himself withdraws beyond the sky.

[*They kiss.*

PANCRAZIO: I could hold you here within my arms until the dawn creeps silently across the sea and turns its grey to warmest blue.

MARIANNINA: I could kiss you all the night, and still be kissing you when Our Mountain's * cheek blushes at the coming day.

PANCRAZIO: Kiss me again.

* The average Sicilian peasant has never heard of Etna by that name. In the native parlance it is always referred to as "Our Mountain."

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MARIANNINA: My love . . .

[*They kiss.*

PANCRAZIO: The perfume of your hair is sweeter than the orange blooms.

MARIANNINA: Heaven is here within your arms.

PANCRAZIO: Your mouth is soft and warm and made for love.

MARIANNINA: Your breath is burning on my face; your heart keeps time with mine.

PANCRAZIO: The greatest thing a man can know is love.

MARIANNINA: The only thing a woman really feels is love like yours and mine . . . All else must disappear like water spilled upon the ground, or else it is not love.

PANCRAZIO: Love is a valued coin, but there are many counterfeits.

MARIANNINA: Like any coin, real love rings true. False love can only fool the stupid, and those who do not care.

PANCRAZIO: Kiss me again.

[*They kiss*]

Our love is real, as real as anything can ever be.

MARIANNINA: Thank God for that.

PANCRAZIO: Now I must go; my duty lies upon the mountainside.

[*He turns upon her suddenly*]

Has Salvatore troubled you again?

MARIANNINA: What matters that . . . to-night?

PANCRAZIO: Has he? That is what I want to know.

MARIANNINA: Not to-day . . . but yesterday.

PANCRAZIO: How dare he?

MARIANNINA: He is more than ever mad for me now that he knows, or thinks he knows, that I love you.

PANCRAZIO: Salvatore is no fool.

MARIANNINA: Remember, dear, that he and I are promised each to each. Our parents willed it so, and here in Sicily their will is law.

PANCRAZIO: I know . . . I know.

MARIANNINA: And O, Pancrazio, I love you so!

PANCRAZIO: I cannot bear to have you wed, but what is there to do?

MARIANNINA: There is nothing we can do but wait . . . and pray.

PANCRAZIO: That is a woman's plan. If it were not for this uniform and all it represents I'd have killed him long ago.

MARIANNINA: [*with an unavoidable touch of pride*] Salvatore is strong, and very brave.

PANCRAZIO: A well-aimed stiletto can pierce the bravest man; but for a soldier such deeds can never be. I know not what to do.

MARIANNINA: Ask the Virgin for her help. I was asking when you came and drove me mad with love.

PANCRAZIO: The Virgin has no time for us . . . But prayers can do no harm.

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MARIANNINA: Our happiness means everything to me. I'll pray again when you are gone. I'll bring Madonna flowers every day. I'll——

PANCRAZIO: [*impatiently*] That can do no good. The gods are dead, or else they do not hear. [*He walks to the wall, leans over, listening*] Some one is coming up the path, I can see his swinging lantern far below. It were best for you to go.

MARIANNINA: [*in a whisper*] Who can it be?

PANCRAZIO: Momento.

[*He leans far over the wall.*

MARIANNINA: Be careful, dear. I would not have you dashed upon the rocks below.

PANCRAZIO: [*returning*] It looks like Salvatore.

MARIANNINA: Salvatore! O my God!

PANCRAZIO: Leave him to me.

MARIANNINA: Do not let him harm you.

PANCRAZIO: Harm me?

MARIANNINA: What can we do? There's no way to escape.

PANCRAZIO: That's true. You cannot enter Castelmola at this hour of night, the guard would halt you at the gate.

MARIANNINA: And even if he let me pass he'd spread the news that I was wandering on the hills where you kept watch.

PANCRAZIO: Don't try to hide. Just slip into the shadows there beside the shrine and watch God move his marionettes about the stage.

MARIANNINA: [*smiling*] I hope God knows the play.

PANCRAZIO: The play is his, my dear. The trouble is, we will not learn our parts.

MARIANNINA: Be careful, caro mio.

PANCRAZIO: Never fear, love will find a way. [*Hopefully*] It may not be Salvatore after all.

MARIANNINA: I pray it is not he.

PANCRAZIO: What matters it? This thing must end some time, as all things must. Human endurance has an end, and mine is at the breaking point.

MARIANNINA: [*thoughtfully*] Yes, it must end some time. I fear for you.

[*A rocket bursts and lights the scene for a moment as he kisses her.*

PANCRAZIO: Trust to me, my dear. Remember love and trust are one.

[*She steps into the shadow of the shrine. Pancrazio seats himself upon the wall that lines the path leading up to Castelmola. He unstraps his rifle from about his shoulder, examines it carefully, then lays it beside him on the ledge, after which he lights a cigarette. For a moment he smokes in silence, listening to the music of the distant band, which dies away as the sound of approaching footsteps is heard. Pancrazio looks up suddenly, grasping his rifle as he speaks. A rocket bursts, and for a fleeting second lights the stage*]

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Fermatevi!

SALVATORE: Si.

PANCRAZIO: Who goes there?

SALVATORE: 'Tis I.

PANCRAZIO: And who are you?

[*Enter Salvatore. He is dressed in the nondescript costume of the youthful Sicilian peasant, and a scarlet sash is twisted about his waist. He is handsome in an entirely Italian way, with hardly a suggestion of the Greek about him. He carries a candle-lantern in his hand.*

SALVATORE: 'Tis I, Salvatore.

PANCRAZIO: Which Salvatore? Here in Sicily the Salvatores are as thick as fleas, and as troublesome. Where you stand the shadows lie upon your face.

SALVATORE: [*drawing nearer*] 'Tis I, Salvatore Martinetti, the donkey-boy.

[*Salvatore holds the lantern before his face.*

[*Pancrazio lays down his rifle.*

PANCRAZIO: Why do you fail to linger in the town where love and laughter are? Do you not feel in festive mood?

SALVATORE: No, per Dio!

PANCRAZIO: As I passed through the village streets the maidens wandered arm in arm, all dressed in holiday attire.

SALVATORE: [*shortly*] What's that to me? I know a maid who was not there.

PANCRAZIO: I wished that I might stay.

SALVATORE: A festa is a hollow thing unless there also be a festa in the heart.

PANCRAZIO: And is there not a festa in your heart?

SALVATORE: I do not feel in festive mood to-night. I stopped before the altars in the street and asked the Virgin's blessing. Then I came away.

PANCRAZIO: It's lonely here upon the mountain. What do you here?

SALVATORE: I search for Mariannina.

PANCRAZIO: [*with slight uneasiness*] For Mariannina?

SALVATORE: You heard me, did you not?

PANCRAZIO: I heard you.

SALVATORE: [*turning upon him*] You do not know where she may be?

PANCRAZIO: Is she not in the town?

SALVATORE: No . . . she is not in the town. You do not know where she may be?

PANCRAZIO: What should I know of Mariannina?

SALVATORE: That's what I want to know. What do you know of Mariannina?

PANCRAZIO: I know nothing of her.

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SALVATORE: You know that she's to marry me, and that's enough for you to know.

PANCRAZIO: Why all this fuss?

SALVATORE: Why all this talk and talk and talk? Let's get to facts. I know that she was here with you, or else she will be soon. Whatever else I seem to be, don't take me for a fool. I can see what all the village sees.

PANCRAZIO: And what does all the village see?

SALVATORE: That Mariannina is in love with you, and you are mad for her. [*Coming closer*] Remember this: Mariannina belongs to me, and always will. There's nothing in God's world can part us now. She's mine, you hear, she's mine!

PANCRAZIO: There's one thing that can part you now, or any other time.

SALVATORE: And what is that?

PANCRAZIO: I'll whisper in your ear.

[*He draws very near, a knife gleaming in his hand.*

SALVATORE: Keep away! [*His knife also is behind him*] Speak out. [*Looking carelessly about him*] You say there's no one near to overhear. What is this thing you say can come between us now?

PANCRAZIO: A little thing called Death. I hear it stalking down the mountainside.

SALVATORE: It does not come for me.

PANCRAZIO: I think it does.

[*He makes a violent lunge at Salvatore, and at the same moment a rocket bursts and lights the scene. Mariannina screams, and rushes from her hiding place. The two men separate at once, one on either side of her, leaving her in the centre of the stage.*

SALVATORE: [*to Mariannina*] So I've caught you two at last!

MARIANNINA: [*to Salvatore*] Yes, thank God, you've caught us two at last, and I am glad. I'm tired of all this futile make-believe, the vain pretence; at best it only put this hour off a little way, this hour that had to come. No longer could I burlesque love.

SALVATORE: [*who has become quite calm*] So! You do not love me any more?

MARIANNINA: I do not love you any more. I've tried; dear God, how I have tried! Time after time I've told myself that it is you I love, that we are promised for Saint George's day; but when I thought of love, Pancrazio came to mind. Night after night I've prayed myself to sleep, your name upon my lips, and then I dreamed Pancrazio came and sat beside me on the bed and kissed me tenderly.

SALVATORE: [*very calmly*] You do not love me any more.

MARIANNINA: When the old wives stopped me in the streets and talked about my wedding day I tried to think of you, but, try as I might, it

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was Pancrazio who stood beside me in the church; I even saw the candlelight upon his hair, felt the priest place my hand in his. And when to-day a woman came to me and spoke of little children, of the joys and cares they bring, I felt them tugging at my skirts and looking up at me with Pancrazio's eyes. And then I knew that this must end, that you and I could never wed.

SALVATORE: [*with increasing calmness*] You are quite right, we could never, never wed. [*He pauses for a second*] But did you ever stop to think how I must feel, I who love you? . . . Ever since a boy I've called you mine; ever since a lad I've dreamed and worked for you. Do you think I like to loaf about the streets and guide the forestieri here and there, urge them to sights they do not want to see, take them to ruins they do not for a moment understand? Do you think I like to sit all day about the square, offering my very soul for sale to anyone who has the price to pay? Do you think I like to follow travellers about the town, begging them to buy my more than silly wares while all my neighbors and my friends look on and jeer at me? [*He raises his voice just a little*] Do you think it does not hurt me to display the wretched poverty of our Sicily as if it were a setting on some stage and not the setting for our lives? Why do you think I did these things if not for you, so I might offer you a home bought with the money that they bring? . . . It pays to be a donkey-boy! It pays to sell the strangers things they do not want! It pays to lift your cap and flatter them, although you hate and envy them with all your soul. All these things pay, my dear . . . and I did them all for you.

MARIANNINA: [*almost in tears*] I did not understand.

SALVATORE: That is a habit that you women have.

MARIANNINA: If I had known——

[*She approaches him, but Salvatore motions her away.*

SALVATORE: One moment, please, and then the thing is done. You should have come to me and told me that your love was dead. Why could you not explain that this man here had won your heart from me? Love, I know, is not a thing that can be forced and made to grow in alien ground. I would have understood. But this you could not do. You and your silly lover standing there could not be honest if you tried. You met in darkened corners, talked of love. You kissed upon the hills, thinking the stars alone would know . . . Like all who try to live a lie, you thought you were much cleverer than the rest. And I sat back and trusted you. [*He is growing more and more angry*] The boys in the streets told of you and him; I kicked them for their pains. The women spinning before their doors whispered of you and him as I passed by, and yet I would not hear. And now when there's a festa in the town you make me walk the streets

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alone, and meet your lover here before the Virgin's shrine . . . You say that you can never marry me, and what you say is true. But by the ever-living God, you shall not marry him. You've taken all that counts from out my life and left me all alone. You've robbed me of my happiness. You've killed my self-respect. You've made of me a fool for everyone to see. And now, by God, you've got to pay!

MARIANNINA: [*horrified*] My God! My God! What can I do? There's nothing that can help the matter now. There's nothing I can do.

SALVATORE: O, yes, there is, for you can die. Your blood can blot the writing from the page.

PANCRAZIO: You've talked and talked enough, but that is all you do.

[*Mariannina is sobbing.*

SALVATORE: [*turning toward Pancrazio*] Never fear, my friend. My words will change to actions all too soon.

PANCRAZIO: God knows it's time.

SALVATORE: I've news for you. You too have got to die.

PANCRAZIO: Your jest is carried far enough.

SALVATORE: To prove that I agree with you, I'm going to kill you first.

PANCRAZIO: That's news indeed.

[*He makes a dash after his rifle, which is on the stone wall. Salvatore rushes after him.*

SALVATORE: O no, you don't touch that!

PANCRAZIO: By God, the fool is mad!

SALVATORE: There'll be no trickery in this fight.

[*Pancrazio gets his rifle in his grasp, but Salvatore wrests it from him and flings it in the shrubbery, in the shadow of the shrine*]

This is a fair Sicilian fight, a fight with knives.

[*Mariannina is sobbing wildly before the altar, calling "Madonna mia, Madonna mia!" time and time again. Meantime Pancrazio and Salvatore close and are locked in one another's arms, their knives gleaming in their hands. There is the sound of sharply indrawn breath, an occasional "Ah," a muttered oath or curse when a vantage point is lost or gained. One overcomes the other, and after a momentary struggle on the ground, in which Salvatore gains slowly, there is a frightful shriek and Pancrazio lies still upon his side, close to the shrubbery where Salvatore has thrown his rifle. Salvatore rises and turns toward Mariannina, wiping his blood-stained knife upon his sleeve. He grasps her roughly by the shoulder, turns her completely round, facing him. He replaces his knife in his sash.*

SALVATORE: Now comes your turn.

[*She does not reply, but merely looks at him with wide open eyes*]

My God, you're beautiful to-night!

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[*He holds her off at arm's length, taking in her every line*]
No wonder that the man that's dead desired and took his fill of you. Your body, tainted as it is by him, is a thing to make a man forget all else. When I behold your lips and feel the hotness of your breath upon my face, I almost understand how for the sake of you a man could well betray his friend and soil the woman that he is to wed.

MARIANNINA: O! . . . Madonna mia!

SALVATORE: [*roughly*] How often have you been with him?

MARIANNINA: Never . . . I swear.

SALVATORE: [*with increasing roughness*] How often have you been with him?

MARIANNINA: [*fiercely*] I swear by God and all the saints that I am free from sin.

SALVATORE: You lie!

MARIANNINA: Whatever else I may have done, I've kept myself for you.

SALVATORE: You lie!

MARIANNINA: The saints bear witness, what I say is true.

SALVATORE: If I but knew——

MARIANNINA: I could not lie at such a time.

SALVATORE: If you could prove what you say is so——

MARIANNINA: If I could prove that what I say is so, what would you do?

SALVATORE: I'd—but what matters it?—you cannot prove a lie.

MARIANNINA: I'll swear it here before the shrine . . . I speak the truth.

SALVATORE: I know not what to think.

MARIANNINA: I'll swear before God's mother here. What more is there to do?

SALVATORE: How can I believe you now, after what you've done?

MARIANNINA: I have not lied to you.

SALVATORE: You've lived a lie.

[*Salvatore approaches the shrine and picks up the metal crucifix that stands upon the ledge below the glass-encased statue of the Virgin*]
Will you swear by this?

MARIANNINA: [*eagerly*] Yes . . . for what I say is true.

[*Salvatore holds the crucifix towards her. She, too, places her hands upon it. His hands touch hers.*

SALVATORE: [*with tremendous earnestness*] With your hands upon God's Son, you say you have not sinned?

MARIANNINA: With my hands upon God's Son, I say I have not sinned.

SALVATORE: Your finger-tips touch mine, and all my common sense takes flight.

MARIANNINA: Salvatore . . .

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SALVATORE: Why did you play with love?

MARIANNINA: I have not sinned.

SALVATORE: I wish to God I could believe!

[*His hands drop to his side, the crucifix remains in hers.*

MARIANNINA: [*turning to the shrine*] Madonna mia, let there be a sign. You who know everything, know that I have not sinned, whatever else I may have done. You know I've kept myself for him I was to wed. Whatever else that I may be, I am not what he thinks . . . You know I have not sinned. [*She kneels before the shrine*] Madonna mia, Mother of God, guardian of your people in the town below, hear my prayer and let there be a sign. You who are all powerful and ever kind, let there be one little sign so Salvatore may believe.

SALVATORE: [*turning toward the shrine*] Yes, let there be a sign.

MARIANNINA: Madonna, intercede for me.

SALVATORE: There is no sign.

MARIANNINA: [*looking at the crucifix she holds before her*] A miracle from you may save a human soul. Dear God, I do not want to die. I'm young, and life is very dear. I do not want to die.

SALVATORE: There is no sign.

MARIANNINA: [*looking up once more*] O Mary, hear my prayer!

SALVATORE: [*half regretfully*] The Virgin does not hear, or else she knows that you have once more lied to me.

MARIANNINA: Wait a little moment.

SALVATORE: [*approaching her*] You have to die . . . There is no sign.

[*Slowly the altar is again lighted from without. The light grows very strong, and for a moment the shrine seems enwrapped in a mysterious unearthly glow.*

MARIANNINA: A miracle! . . . Dear God, a miracle!

SALVATORE: [*falling to his knees*] A miracle! The Virgin heard your prayers.

MARIANNINA: [*sobbing*] Thank God! . . . Thank God! Now you will believe.

[*The light slowly fades away.*

SALVATORE: [*rising*] To think that I have doubted God's will!

MARIANNINA: [*still upon her knees*] Now you believe?

SALVATORE: Yes, I believe. How can I do otherwise?

MARIANNINA: God has been very good to me.

SALVATORE: The thing is finished. I'll go away and leave you here to make your peace with God and thank the Blessed Virgin for her aid.

MARIANNINA: Salvatore—

[*She rises from her knees, leaving the metal crucifix upon the ground.*

SALVATORE: Don't speak to me. The thing is done, I say.

MARIANNINA: You've spared my life—

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SALVATORE: It was not I. It was the hand of God.

MARIANNINA: Salvatore—

SALVATORE: Keep away from me. Each time I look into your eyes I feel my hate for you return. Each time I hear your voice it drives the blood into my brain and all my rage returns. But if you live or die there's nothing left me now. Pancrazio dead, my freedom will be taken from me, and that was all I had to call my own. Now even that is gone.

[*He turns to leave, facing in the direction from which the light has come. He halts as if fastened to the spot, and laughs a brutal, horrid laugh, turning upon Mariannina who has stood quite still, watching his every move with fascinated eyes, fear strong upon her countenance. He speaks bitterly, with fast growing anger*]

A miracle indeed! Another trick of yours to save your worthless life. A miracle! O God! why should the Blessed Virgin intervene for you?

MARIANNINA: You saw the sign . . .

[*Salvatore laughs again.*

SALVATORE: That was no sign. Look here.

[*He approaches the wall, pointing beyond it*]

Come! I'll show you how your miracle was done.

[*She follows him towards the wall*]

See far below, where Naxos juts into the sea, a fleet is anchored near the shore. The ship before Giardini plays its light upon our cliffs.

MARIANNINA: A miracle can happen in a natural way.

SALVATORE: God would not raise his hand to save your life. You knew the ships were anchored down below, you saw their searchlights here upon the hills, you hoped this would occur. Look! even now a light is playing on the mountain side.

MARIANNINA: I did not know.

SALVATORE: [*a tremendous anger sweeping over him*] You lie, you know you lie. Even in the face of death you lie. You're rotten through and through.

MARIANNINA: I did not know.

SALVATORE: You did not know! How well you lie! Of course you knew. Or if you did not know, you hoped to put me off by playing at repentance, by calling on a God who does not care.

[*She comes near him, touching him with her hand.*

MARIANNINA: I swear—

[*He pushes her away.*

SALVATORE: You've sworn enough. Be quiet! Women such as you make the world a living hell. You lie and lie and lie, and thus you break the hearts of men.

[*Once again she touches him, once again he pushes her aside.*

MARIANNINA: I swear—

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SALVATORE: Be quiet, I say! You women play with passion as if it were a toy. But now the game is at an end. You're going to die.

MARIANNINA: O God! . . . O God!

SALVATORE: [*approaching her*] You're going to join your lover over there.

[*He points to where Pancrazio lies.*

MARIANNINA: No! . . . No! . . . I do not want to die.

SALVATORE: Your body is too beautiful to ruin with a knife. I'll spare you that.

[*He grasps her about the body. She struggles frightfully to get away, but he is very strong, and slowly drags her toward the wall beyond which the cliff drops straight to the rocky outskirts of Taormina, hundreds of feet below. She cries "Madonna mia" and then "Madonna, Madonna" once or twice, after which she is silent save for bitter sobbing. Salvatore drags her to the wall. Her body relaxes, as if it had become unconscious. Salvatore picks up the candle-lantern which he has placed near the wall and holds it to her face*]

My God, how beautiful you are!

[*He puts the lantern down*]

It maddens me to hold you in my arms.

[*He kisses her on the lips, smoothes back her hair, then kisses her again*]

My love, my love! Mariannina! Mariannina! O God, I love you so! Speak to me.

MARIANNINA: [*slowly raising her head a little way*] Pancrazio! Pancrazio mio!

SALVATORE: [*savagely*] Pancrazio! O Christ, this is more than I can bear! Thank God to cast you from my life at last! [*He drops her over the ledge; leans to watch her fall*] Ah! [*He shivers, as if with cold*] The rocks are cold and hard, my love, and different from Pancrazio's arms. [*He turns back, looking at Pancrazio, who lies quite still upon his side*]

She must have loved him mightily. And now she's mangled on the rocks below.

[*He half turns toward the shrine upon which the candles burn peacefully. Idly he stoops and picks up the metal crucifix from the ground where Mariannina has left it. Holding it in his hand he looks at it with eyes that do not seem to see*]

There's nothing left me for my own, even my gods are gone. There's no belief can help me bear my pain. I never knew man could be so alone. Mine is an ache the Virgin well could ease, but there she stands and smiles and smiles . . . and here her Son is fastened to his cross.

[*He stares at the crucifix, then smiles*]

Man or God, nailed to your cross, I pity you. You, too, were caught

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within the wheel of Fate and dashed against the wall of circumstance. To think that I believed in your divinity.

[*He faces the statue of the Virgin which stands behind its screen of glass*]

You're nothing but a lump of greyish clay dug from the valley down below, cast in the semblance of a futile female god . . . I still can see a smile upon your painted face, and heaven knows there's little wonder that you smile at all the hopeless human worms that writhe and wriggle at your feet.

[*He laughs harshly, sneeringly*]

I hate you, and I hate the things you represent, you erring mother of a wandering Son whose dreams could never quite come true as long as men were men. 'Twas you that called the child you hold within your arms divine, and by that lie you fooled the world.

[*He laughs again without the slightest mirth*]

The gods had died. Why did your Son not let them be? Why need he raise them up again and dub them with his name? . . . There's nothing new about them. Here atop our sunlit hills are temples raised to gods older far than you and yours, and they are dead, deader than Mariannina scattered on the rocks below, deader than dead . . . And all these gods are turned to dust, as you will be some day.

[*He draws closer to the statue*]

And you're no different from those older, happier gods, you tawdry thing, your jewels even falser than your creed.

[*He fairly shrieks with anger*]

No longer have you any power, for if you had you'd kill me where I stand, and yet you let me live and tell you what I think of you and of that Son of yours.

[*Salvatore points at the Virgin, and bursts into a fit of contemptuous, hysterical laughter. Taking the crucifix by the top, he flings it at the statue. The glass before it breaks with a crash, but Madonna remains unharmed. At the moment Salvatore finishes speaking, Pancrazio quietly rises upon his elbow and reaches for the rifle that is beside him, unnoted by Salvatore. He takes quick aim at the jeering figure before the shrine, and, a moment after Salvatore has thrown the crucifix, Pancrazio fires. There is a loud report, a flash of light, a cry of "O God" and, clutching at his side, Salvatore tumbles in a heap*]

A miracle! . . . A miracle!

[*He rises upon one elbow, crosses himself*]

Blessed mother . . . I believe! . . . I believe!

[*He sinks upon the ground, his head in his arms, sobbing*]

I believe, dear God, yes, I believe.

[*After a moment he raises his head again, looks up at the statue with a smile upon his face, then falls upon the ground—dead. Pancrazio*

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rises slowly, with great effort, and half drags himself to the wall over which Mariannina has been thrown and gazes sadly into the valley below. He speaks with deep emotion.

PANCRAZIO: Mariannina, my Marianinna, I loved you so, O God, I loved you so!

[*He moves heavily to where Salvatore lies. He looks down at him, pushes him lightly with the toe of his boot*]

Compared with love, death is a little thing.

[*He turns wearily, head in hand, as if about to faint, and leans heavily upon one end of the shrine. His head drops to his folded arms. Then slowly he begins to fall, and in stretching out his hands to save himself he sweeps both candles from the shrine. With him, they fall to the ground.*

[*The stage is in darkness. A rocket momentarily lights the scene, after which the darkness closes in once more. The curtain descends swiftly.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

Freedom—Not Polygamy

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just read Mr. Henry Walker's article *Feminism and Polygamy* appearing in your December issue, and confess my surprise at its appearance in your magazine, as he simply does not know his subject at all.

It is evident that Mr. Walker had one of three things in mind when he wrote that article, *i. e.* to provoke discussion on the subject of polygamy and thus ascertain women's views on the question; a sincere attempt to make it easier for man by paving the way for him to practise polygamy openly instead of secretly; or the repopulating of that part of the world which is now being depopulated through the ravages of war.

In the first place he is mistaken when he says that "no one has had the courage to name the true goal of the feminist movement of which the suffrage agitation is but a minor part." About a year ago *Collier's* published an article setting forth what they considered the ultimate end of the Feminist Movement, *viz.* free love, or more properly speaking, promiscuity.

Speaking of "mental" freedom, he says: "It is many years since any branch of knowledge has been effectively taboo to the women." He seems to overlook the fact that in England alone, certain professions are absolutely closed to women.

He declares that "already the great middle class of women wage earners are economically free to the fullest extent." Think of a statement like that in face of the fact that right here in this city a vast majority of the great army of middle class working girls are drawing salaries (?) ranging from $3 to $8 a week! If this is economic freedom, God grant that they may not be allowed to enjoy it too long! And the same applies to every other city in this land. He never mentioned the army of skilled and experienced women who are capable in every way, but who cannot find employment because of the surplus labor on the market and who constitute an ever increasing menace to those already employed, continually forcing the wage below the point of subsistence. If this were not true we should not find so many of our great ladies, with ten dollar bouquets attached to their corsage, telling the working girls how to live (?) on six dollars a week.

As for the remuneration being equal for men and women and based on ability, this is not true. I have studied these conditions at first hand from one end of the continent to the other, both in the United States and Canada, and regret to say that the wage is based on sex and not on merit or efficiency. You have only to call up any employment bureau and inquire what the wage is for men and women in a given line. I have just asked the Under-

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wood Typewriter Co. here what the average wage is in this city for female and male stenographers. Their reply is: "For females, $12, for males $15." And in all other lines of clerical work it is the same. Women school teachers almost invariably receive a smaller wage than men teachers rendering an identical service. Mr. Walker might read up the valiant struggle of the New York school teachers for an equal wage for men and women. One of the chief recommendations of the National Education Association of the United States last year was: "The Association regards efficiency and merit, *rather than sex,* as the principle on which appointments and selections should be made, and therefore declares itself in favor of political equality of the sexes and *equal pay for equal service.*" So I insist that the great army of middle class women wage earners are neither paid a like wage for a like service, based on merit and efficiency, nor are they economically free. That is one of the greatest reasons why so many of these women are ready to "leave their typewriters and ribbon counters" to marry. They *think* they are bettering themselves economically, while, of course, the primary reason is, as Mr. Walker says, "for a normal, healthy sex life."

As for economic independence *inside* of marriage, it is so rare as to be negligible, and that "the great majority of married women do not feel any degrading or even unpleasant sense of economic dependence" is not true. Quite the reverse. You have but to consult divorce statistics, interview women all the way from the palace to the hovel, or read the women's magazines to find that without exception the "money question" is the greatest single cause of marital unhappiness. It might enlighten Mr. Walker to read *With All My Worldly Goods I Thee Endow,* which appeared in *The Delineator* a few years ago, and at the same time he could see for himself what women from every State in this Union had to say about man-made property laws for their protection (?).

To a certain extent Mr. Walker is right when he says that "the normal married woman does not want economic independence in the sense of earning her own living in the same way her husband does." But, if she does not care to continue after marriage in the line of work in which she was previously engaged—as does her husband—she wants, and rightly expects, to get paid for the new line of work she has taken up. For instance: A woman may be fortunate enough to be a private secretary or Government employee and enjoy a good salary and short hours. She marries. Her work day is lengthened by several hours; but the pay?—well, she doesn't get it. And right there the trouble begins. While the honeymoon is on and she in all probability is spending her own money, she does not notice anything amiss. But in a very short time she is doomed to be unhappy. Now, her earning capacity hasn't diminished an iota—as yet. She is capable of earning the thousand or twenty-five hundred dollars a year that she commanded but a short time ago. And the proud, high-spirited, capable

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woman resents this and rebels. She realizes with all the intensity of her being that she is "dependent" upon the magnanimity and generosity of her husband and every penny that he "gives" her is like so much gall and wormwood to her soul. It is only the incapable woman, the woman who has never enjoyed even the economic independence of the shopgirl, and who couldn't earn her living if she wanted to, and whose brain was not constructed for thinking, who acquiesces in this servitude. On the other hand, the capable woman may be worth a good deal as a secretary, but her value as a housekeeper may be absolutely nil. All women were not intended for housekeepers any more than all men were intended to be farmers, and it is stupid, to say the least, to condemn all married women to one occupation. Neither is it desirable that all married women regardless of their intellectual capacity should repair to the kitchen to concoct deadly dishes for themselves and their husbands. It is infinitely easier to be a first class school teacher than it is to understand the scientific combination of foods. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman had an enlightening article on this subject in *The Pictorial Review* about a year ago last September, and no doubt most of your women readers remember it well. It proved conclusively how foolish it is for a woman to give up a work for which she is fitted by instinct and training, to take up the duties of housekeeper—a work for which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she is eminently unfitted—in order that her husband may assist in perpetuating the worn-out custom of having a private servant.

As for polygamy being the goal of the feminists, that is not only untrue but impossible, as the Law of Evolution does not work backward even if Mr. Walker's mind does. Woman right now the world over is struggling to throw off legalized polygamy, and women who are not suffering from legalized polygamy but only practised polygamy are bending their energies to put an end to it. On every hand we hear and read of the "single standard of morals," by which the "purists" mean a strict monogamous life for both men and women and by which the feminists mean an opportunity to express themselves sexually whenever they see fit without the interference and permission of the Church and State, and this neither constitutes promiscuity nor yet polyandry, but an opportunity to live your own life in your own way and not to have to sacrifice your name, privacy, self-respect and income in order to gratify the sex instinct. And whether we like to admit it or not the fact remains that women to-day from the mansion to the tenement are acquiring sex experience *outside of marriage,* which accounts for the great mental strides they have made within the past two decades. The only objection to this is that it breeds deception in as much as it is done secretly instead of openly and above board. However, as the public become enlightened the cloak of secrecy will be dropped gradually.

The sex impulse is just as strong in the normal woman as it is in man, but heretofore it has been a crime to admit it. Also, every woman who

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wishes to gratify the sex impulse does not want to become a mother. Neither is it desirable that every woman should become a mother. Mothers are born, not made. It is unfortunate that the sex impulse is almost stifled in many women owing to continued oppression, suppression and repression. But this is wholly an artificial condition which is being rapidly remedied.

Now while polygamy would certainly make it easier for the man, who would not—as now—be compelled to preach one thing while he practised another, it would not solve the sex question to the satisfaction of the women. Under a polygamous system of marriage woman would find herself in the identical position in which she now is and she would not be "allowed" to indulge in sexual intercourse without first obtaining permission from the State, and married she would still be the private property of one master who would demand of her virginity as a bride and chastity as a wife, though both of these attributes would be foreign to him. Neither would polygamy furnish the opportunity for that intellectual and spiritual expansion which woman so craves. A harem has never yet produced an intellectual giant. Elbert Hubbard has pointed to the fact that the insurance companies consider married women "extra-hazardous," not because of the probability that they will become mothers but because as soon as a woman is taken out of the labor world where she has been doing useful work, she deteriorates mentally and physically. Also, our asylums and workhouses are filled with married women. Spinsters, even in spite of their dwarfed intellect because of sex repression, are rarities in such places. In a large State Hospital for the insane, whose capacity is 1,800 patients, I visited one of the incurable wards which contained 90 patients. Less than half-a-dozen of these were unmarried. This suggests the question: Is marriage conducive to intellectual development? Certainly not as we know it to-day.

Now I want to put Mr. Walker straight on this sex question. In the future, woman will make the sex laws which govern herself and they will not be uniform or written into statutes as they are now. Every woman will be a law unto herself, as there is no law which can be justly applied to all sorts of people under different conditions and with different temperaments. To substantiate my statement I refer Mr. Walker to the leading spokeswomen of the Feminist Movement, *i. e.* Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Ellen Key, Emma Goldman, Mrs. C. G. Hartley, and to Bernard Shaw and Ibsen. There are many others.

The woman of the future will select the father of her children—not necessarily a husband. She will not have to wait as now until some "good" man, worn out and diseased through physical excesses, decides that he is capable of "supporting" a wife. She will not be concerned about the number of her children, but about the quality of her offspring. They will be the children of her brain instead of the result of a loveless union. She will not conceive haphazardly, but in a perfect body regulated by a perfect

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mind, create, with infinite care,—not food for cannon—but superior beings, in the likeness and image of God, beings well on the way towards ultimate Perfection and At-One-ment with the Original Source. In that day there will be no marrying or giving in marriage, for these will be the *free mothers of a free world.*

LOTTIE M. MONTGOMERY

LOS ANGELES

Faith, Hope, Charity

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—After reading your editorial comment in the February issue, particularly taking note of the references to poverty and philanthropy, the bread line being the notable expression of the principle of philanthropy, I could not help but think that you are hearing the call to love and live the truths we proclaim vital, and which are essential to our salvation. While I am not puerile enough, nor is my mind so intensely verdant as to believe that involuntary poverty can be driven from the earth, more so since the Master said, "the poor ye shall always have with you," yet I lean to the belief that more could be done to check current unrest, the contagion of helplessness and its underlying cancer of marketplace morality with its motto: "Never mind the means, nor the ultimate result; but get the *mesummen.*" In a word, the maxim is to prey on the poor, the poor "what keep poor 'cause they helps the poor," bringing them to the point where the "weepy wastrels" (?) pray God to "take Charity's cold, clammy hands off the necks of their innocent babes."

Can we not pause long enough to set our building blocks straight before we pile up any more?

Can we not broaden our sympathies, doing our duty, our non-debatable duty to those who, defying the rule of might, are being starved into servile submission and slain?

Can we not frown down the arch wrong of the age, insincerity, which is so insidiously and subtly woven into the treatment of the poor?

Or are we, for fear of being dubbed radical and extremists, to give countenance to the simulation of dissembling folks, doling out from their unlimited supply of optimistic deception and its correlative, illusive opportunism?

Tell me, is not the upper crust of society depressing the milieu all the time—and contributing in a large degree toward breaking down morality, and yet refusing to feed, shelter, teach, raise, reform the little, lost sister of the street—tell me does not this exceed for virulence and excel for venality the great faults and greater repentance of the sinner?

Are you, too, Brutus, going to refuse to contribute your small-best, your

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mite, toward forcing those engaged in professional philanthropy, "the backers," as they have been so aptly termed, from unmasking and unarming?

And what shall we do, if not pillory those who, under the guise of decency, hunt down and hound the haggard harlots haunted by hunger, while their lords and ladies of philanthropy are posing before the patient, long-suffering, yet indifferent public as shepherds of stray, shelterless sheep?

H. B. SONNEBORN

CHICAGO

Home-made Eugenics—For Men Also

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—"Nothing else matters if they love each other." No young school girl, no college graduate, no mature woman is open to argument about the sanity of her choice. The fact that she comes to him pure and clean and that he gives to her the dregs, that his body is worn out and tired, this is not even worthy of consideration. They love each other and he is the "grandest man in the world." She never thinks he may have any other reason for desiring her, and if she were told he was not fit to marry her, she could not be induced to believe it.

A man may not pick out a woman because of her housekeeping abilities, as "one of the millions of fathers in this land" states, but certainly many a man has married because he wanted his household kept in order, his meals served regularly and his buttons sewed on his shirts. Many widowers frankly admit that they have remarried because their children needed a mother. Maybe some women do marry for a home. A woman's desire for a home and children is natural, certainly much more natural than for her to make political speeches or to run for a public office. If she does marry for a home, as "Bill Jones's father" says, it is more laudable than for a man to marry for a combination housekeeper, cook and valet. The laundries that darn socks and the comfortable clubs no doubt take care of a good many helpless men who would otherwise have to marry in self-defence. Laundries and clubs may be cheaper than a wife, and fortunately save many women who might not have sense enough to see why they had been so honored.

We suppose "Bill Jones's father" would like to have the marriage service rewritten, since he considers the man makes a "lot of reckless promises before a minister." Let the woman's vows remain unchanged, even to the "obey." We would not have it otherwise. Let the man say something like this—"For better, for richer and in health, but forsaking thee in sickness as it is really better for the general scheme of things that I should." Why is it reckless for a man to promise to love and honor his wife and remain with her in sickness and in health? We do not dream of suggesting to the

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wives of the land that they desert their husbands in sickness, even when this sickness is the result of their (the husbands) own evil habits. Yet "Bill Jones's father" says it is the wise thing for the husband to desert his invalid wife. "It really makes for progress in the general scheme of things!" She is in his way and that would never do. When God instituted the holy estate of matrimony, he never intended a husband to remain with his wife, if she impeded his progress. Progress is the thing!

How many wives are made invalids for life through their husbands' vices? A bride should never find out if her future husband is liable to do this, yet a man should find out if his future bride has nerves! Such brides should be eliminated from the list of desirables, yet such husbands may remain eligible.

"The average man wants to be a good, true husband." But lack of passion in his wife is sufficient excuse for his being cruel and even unfaithful to her! If a divorce follows, it is not his fault because he was unfaithful, but his wife's because of her "lack of passion." We have seen more wives made unhappy by lack of affection in their husbands than *vice versa.*

We agree with "Bill Jones's father": The pair should be physical equals. There should be some way for the bride to find out what kind of a body her future husband is offering her. Perhaps she could take him to a phrenologist and if he says there is a bump or two missing or a bump too many, let her beware!

Of course, we believe in "home-made eugenics," but we rise up when they are applied only to us, when we are held responsible for unhappy marriages and divorces. It is a woman's heritage to have most of the blame, to be an outcast for a comparatively little offence, when a man may commit the most heinous crime and go free. We are used to all this, but for God's sake, admit that more marriages are ruined by men's physical condition than by women's.

FELIX

VICTORIA

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Attrition

THOUGH tragic developments and colossal sacrifices are expected in the spring, the keynote of the Great War so far has been attrition—the wearing down of the enemy by depleting his resources in men, money, arms, food, and the necessary materials for continuing industrial life. It has been a grim game, played at a cost which may well stagger humanity. Yet, in the final reckoning, the losses of the past few months may seem comparatively insignificant—a mere preliminary to the immense holocausts which will mark the new stage, when millions are flung forward or rolled back, when whole regiments are sacrificed for a few hundred yards of trenches, and the flower of the manhood of the world is mown down in the most stupendous murder-orgy of all the ages.

It is necessary that everyone should realize, to the fullest extent, the meaning and utter ghastliness of what is going on. There is no need for sentimentality, or for the shirking of the clear facts of life, as they have been made known in the past, and as we know them, to our cost, to-day. Jealousy, greed, ambition, selfishness, must be prepared for, and reckoned with. But any man who by word or deed helps to make war in the future as menacing a possibility as it has been through so many stained centuries, is a traitor to humanity and the veriest coward in his heart, bluster as he may: for only a rank coward, judging other men by his own grossness, will dare to say that there is no hope of progress, that mankind must stay forever in the slime, that all the Gods and all the creeds and faiths and visions are illusions, and that the only realities are mud and blood.

It is not true. Whatever the mistakes and follies and crimes of the past, they need not be repeated. As slavery was abolished in this country through the steadfastness of one resolute idealist, so also this too-long endured slavery of the human race to inhuman methods can be, and will be, obliterated. But as men have given their lives in war, for the destruction of their brothers, so they must be ready to give them in times of peace, making such

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a protest against the continuance of barbarism that even the blind shall be taught to see, and the deaf to hear. It is incredible that the mind which has measured the immensities of interstellar space should be content with the crudity of a rifle as an adjuster of discussions. Men who can fly, and talk across continents and under oceans, can surely learn the rudiments of reasoning, and be willing to deal justly, one with another.

It passes all comprehension that the old cry should still be heard, day after day—that "only by preparing for war can war be averted." It is a lie so preposterous that no brain should be capable of accepting it as a truth. Germany was prepared for war: has she found peace? Austria was prepared for war, and France, and Russia: their dead millions show the worth of armaments and militarism. It is not time yet for complete defencelessness, while there are still bandits among the nations: but it is never time for the insanity of militarism. Think of the absurdities of old enmities—of France fighting England, England and France fighting Russia, Prussia fighting Austria. In a decade, there are new alignments, new alliances: but the dead have paid, and more dead are demanded.

There is only one way to avoid war: prepare for peace. Let the stigma of the assassin rest upon the war-maniac. Let the nations of the world fight with men's weapons—hand, and brain, and spirit—in the new crusade against barbarism and ignorance. If we call ourselves Christians, let us cease to be hypocrites. If we are atheists or agnostics, let us justify the vision that gives meaning to life. We will have no more militarism, no more games of attrition played in a thousand miles of trenches and to the music of the death-agonies of slaughtered millions. Let us begin to be grown up, and behave as men, not as ranters and lunatics.

The Chosen People

BELGIUM is preparing her youngest recruits for the firing-line. Judah the lion-hearted is dead already, with his older brethren: Joseph has been taken into captivity: now Benjamin also must be sacrificed.

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It is enough to make even the militarists see a glimmering of *common sense, and common humanity.*

Destruction

THERE is no heroism shown in war that cannot be evoked in times of peace, to the profit, and not to the loss, of mankind. War is destructive, cruel, clumsily barbaric. The monuments that generations have raised with infinite care, war will annihilate in an hour. The very instincts of men seem changed, so that they take pleasure in wanton destruction. Think of the good ships sent to the bottom of the sea, uselessly; ships that were built with toil, and filled with the fruits of industry; and now they and their cargoes litter the floors of the oceans. There might be reason, if not right, in taking from one to give to another. If captured ships could be diverted to the relief of the starving and destitute, there would be some excuse for that "preying on commerce" which is now so futile. For unless one nation can establish such control of the seas that it is able to paralyze the marine traffic of its enemy, individual acts of destruction can have little bearing upon the final result of war. What has really been achieved by such exploits as those of the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich?* Will the war be shortened by one day because she has destroyed a score of vessels? It does not seem probable. She has merely destroyed, to no purpose, the results of much labor. And men die, who might have lived if those cargoes had not been wasted.

Destruction for mere destruction's sake should not be possible, even among the many absurdities of war. If a ship can take her prize into harbor, some may profit, though at others' expense. But sheer waste, no one gaining, the world a loser, should and could be avoided. It will not profit any of the nations at war if one or all should be impoverished when peace comes. Trade does not flourish on empty national exchequers.

Asylums for the Insane

IT is to be hoped that the European Governments will at once begin to build capacious asylums for the huge numbers of de-

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mented men who will require a suitable residence at the conclusion of the war. Murder and mutilation by elaborate machinery which can toss a ton twenty miles cannot be pleasant to watch; the strain on the nerves is exhausting, and the inevitable outcome is a daily crop of madmen. But militarism and insanity are inseparable friends.

The Sinking of the William P. Frye

By the time that this note appears, the sinking of the American sailing ship *William P. Frye* by the German auxiliary cruiser *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* will probably have been settled satisfactorily. The action, of course, was indefensible: but there is no need for the nation to become excited. The German Government will no doubt express sincere regret and make suitable compensation. Any other course would be scarcely conceivable. But, whatever happens, the case may be left with confidence in the President's hands.

It is inevitable, at a time of such stress as the present, that incidents should occur that might readily be transformed into grounds for hostilities, if an ardent militarist were in control of the Administration. America has proved the reality of her neutrality by temporarily alienating at least two of the belligerent European Powers: but as her attitude is more clearly understood, and its value to the world appreciated, there will be fewer of such outbursts as the London *Spectator* tried to foment, to its lasting disgrace. When the revulsion of feeling comes, as it ought to come; when the nations set to work in earnest to reorganize the world; when the militarists are drummed into their appropriate obscurity, and the horror and grief of the war are slowly being remedied; then the meaning of America's refusal to join in the carnage, unless there should be provocation amounting to absolute compulsion, will be realized more fully.

There is nothing that America wants from the world, except by free exchange and in accordance with unimpeachable principles of justice and rationality. It may or may not have been wrong that the country did not protest against the violation of unhappy Belgium, and the atrocities that seem too well substantiated.

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That is a matter, at present, for the handling of the Administration, which must accept full responsibility. But it may be pointed out that no European Power intervened to check the abominable atrocities of the Balkan Wars, not yet remote from remembrance. Additionally, the proof that is sufficient for a belligerent, driving its people to a frenzy of indignation, is not always convincing to a neutral. There may be the gravest suspicions: but before the world can be deprived of such services as this country has been able to offer to Belgium, for example, there must be certainty; and not only certainty, but the conviction of national responsibility, and a national duty transcending the duty of service to all nations.

The attitude of a country during a supreme crisis must be considered in its entirety and with full reference to all conditions. When the bloody pages of history that are now being written shall be finally blotted, and stand for all time irrevocable, it may —it must—be found that America, in spite of misunderstandings, recriminations, and provocations received or possibly given, has devised her policy for the greatest good of mankind as a whole; and there will rest her case. If not, if we fail now or in the future, and deserve in any degree the contempt of ourselves and the remainder of the world, may we pay to the uttermost for our betrayal of the cause of humanity!

Punishing the Submarine Crews

In response to widespread and intense public feeling, the British Government has taken steps to segregate the crews of captured German submarines engaged in the recent operations. The men will be tried later, it is intimated, for actions which are considered to violate even the most elastic code of civilized warfare.

The action of the Government is natural. We should probably have taken similar steps here, under similar provocation. But to proceed too harshly against the men would be unwise, if not ungenerous. They have acted under orders, and the real responsibility lies with their superiors and the German Government. To torpedo a merchant ship without warning, and without mak-

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ing any provisions for rescue, is barbarous and should be punishable. But should the rank and file be punished for obeying orders? It is a difficult question, when it has to be dealt with under such conditions as now prevail.

Political Patronage

WE are so accustomed in this country to dividing the spoils after a political campaign, that it is difficult to realize that the whole system was not ordained by Providence and established upon an eternal basis. When our sense of humor becomes more acute, we shall perhaps wonder why it has been considered necessary to change the incumbents of thousands of small offices every time there was a change in the political atmosphere of the White House. A postmaster, for example, is not rendered more or less efficient because he happens to agree or disagree with the policies of the President. He should be a trained public servant.

The system is degrading and indefensible, and the scandals associated with it impede the development of the country. Disinterestedness, not self-interest, should be the keynote of political life.

A Note About Time-Tables

A WELL-ARRANGED railroad time-table is a thing of beauty, and a joy until it is superseded by a new edition. It presents, unostentatiously, the results of profound calculations and unremitting labor. With Spartan austerity, it reduces to simple hours and minutes the whole complex machinery of transportation. Mr. Rudyard Kipling perceived that it was Romance which brought up the nine-fifteen. Romance, touching thousands of lives, connecting and separating, brings up on schedule time (or a little later) every one of those ships of the land that pass in the night, and in the day.

But even the best-trained railroad managements may be too romantic, striving to gild the lily that is already more resplendent than Solomon's vesture. Apparently, every road retains an expert whose sole business is to examine time-tables and insert curious

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little marks, of mysterious significance, which must be unravelled by diligent searching among a secretive list of notes. For example, Smith, a man heavily weighted with the responsibilities of a wife and three children, desires to take a train from New York to Stamford. Let it be granted that this desire seizes him on Tuesday—a week-day. He consults the week-day side of his time-table, and selects the eleven-three. An asterisk warns him of possible pitfalls. He searches for enlightenment, and finally, turning to the other side of the table—the Sunday side—discovers an array of notes, and hidden therein a line distinguished by an asterisk: "Daily, Sundays included." No doubt that interests him. It is information. It has perhaps something to do with cosmic urges and the philosophy of things-in-themselves. But the process of running down that romantic asterisk has taken time—and the eleven-three has passed on its way. Determined not to be balked, Smith looks up the next train—the twelve-seven. A small cross notifies him that further complications are waiting. He turns again to the other side—the Sunday side—and, locating the note, reads: "Daily, except Sundays." He now realizes that somebody is specially concerned that he should know that these two trains, which he has looked up on the week-day side of the time-table, do or do not run on Sundays. He does not, of course, care one iota whether they do or don't. If he wants any information about Sunday trains, he will naturally, being a normal man, consult the Sunday schedule.

This unnecessary insistence that he should turn from his week-day inquiries to be enlightened about Sunday facilities has irritated Smith. He determines, while he is waiting for the twelve-seven, to write a letter to the president of the railroad, expressing his feelings and demanding compensation for wasted labor. Carefully and ferociously, he composes the letter, signs it, replaces his fountain pen, and with the feeling of relief that is the reward of virtuous indignation suitably expressed, glances at the clock. He has missed the twelve-seven by an ample margin.

With sardonic resignation, he turns to the Sunday schedule, to see what information is given there with regard to week-days. He selects the one-five, which has, of course, its distinguishing mark. Reference shows that this indicates "Sundays only." Observe

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the consummate kindness of the management. Any unwary traveller, searching the Sunday schedule for a week-day train, is told firmly that this Sunday train is a Sunday train, and a Sunday train only. But, lest he be utterly discouraged, half of the trains carry another mark, informing him that they run daily, Sundays included. He is glad to know that Sundays are included. It would have been a pity not to include them in a Sunday schedule. Yet, perhaps, the Sunday schedule contains a train that runs only on week-days: the would-be traveller must not expect that any Sunday train runs on Sundays unless the fact is specially stated and guaranteed.

It might be better, and it does not seem unreasonable, that railroad managements should give Sunday information only in the Sunday schedule, and week-day information only in the week-day schedule. But then it would be possible to dispense with almost all of the curious little marks which improve the appearance of the time-table and occupy the attention of the expert who sits up at night to find a place where an asterisk would look attractive, and be quite useless.

Simplifying Transportation

WHEN will New York adopt the simple device of numbering the cars on each different route, presenting a clear, bold numeral to view, so that any traveller who has once used the line, or has been told to look for the distinguishing number, can be sure of his exact destination, without unnecessary inquiries?

Modesty

"GERMANY must and will stand alone. The Germans are the salt of the earth; they will fulfil their destiny, which is to rule the world and to control other nations for the benefit of mankind."—PROFESSOR VON LEYDEN.

The Fatherland

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn

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In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Bernard Shaw and the Monroe Doctrine

IT is the profession of Mr. Shaw to be amusing, and he has certainly been extremely professional in his recent remarks about the Monroe Doctrine. When he attributed the possession of Alaska to Russia, and accepted a " not wholly-unexpected " correction, he was a little too Shavian to be considered seriously. But much may be forgiven to the author of *Androcles and the Lion,* though he has considerably impaired his reputation both as a humorist and as a " new statesman."

Patriotism on the Clyde

THE workmen on the Clyde are not to be commended for striking, or threatening to strike, at such a time as the present, for the sake of a few pence a day. If they realized what they have been saved from, so far, and what other countries have not been saved from, they would scarcely have adopted such a peculiar course of action, taken without regard to larger issues, apparently, and merely with reference to rather sordid matters of the moment.

Mr. Lloyd George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, threw a curious light upon certain aspects of British patriotism when he referred recently to the determination of some workmen to enjoy their weekly carouse, even at the direct cost of lowering national efficiency.

Respect would be paid to a thoughtful movement, in any nation, undertaken as a protest against war. But no respect, and no consideration, is needed for men who can think no further than the next saloon, and the next opportunity for getting drunk there.

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Nationalism

In Germany, a nation is embittered against another country —England—to a degree unprecedented in history. In England, a nation is embittered against the " baby-killers," the bombarders of sea-side resorts. In neither country has any valid effort been made by the masses of the people to discover the reasons for their own, and others', hostility. With the vast majority of both nations, their feelings, their indignation and resentment, are due entirely to their birthplace and the influences to which they have been subjected.

Without entering into any discussion as to the actual right or wrong of any actions or series of actions, it is permissible to point out that nationalism, *per se,* is not an infallible guide through the labyrinths of ethics. The fervent prayer of the German lady that God will " punish England " has its counterpart in the scorn of the English girl for a nation that she knows little or nothing about, but accepts as it is pictured, ogreishly, in a press that is inevitably, though not, perhaps, wilfully, partisan.

Goethe might well pray for " more light "! There are many ogres, including the ogre of militarism. But the ogre of nationalism is responsible for not a few of the troubles of the world.

Collectivism

Not without amusement, it may be noted that the war has produced some remarkable examples of the possibilities of collectivism. Apart from the armies and navies of the nations, and the practical nationalization of the railroads, the different Governments, in matters of food, finance, commerce, and even labor, have shown that the possibilities of collectivism are striking.

From much evil, a little good may be collected. If the people will learn their lesson, they may be able to teach lessons in the near future.

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